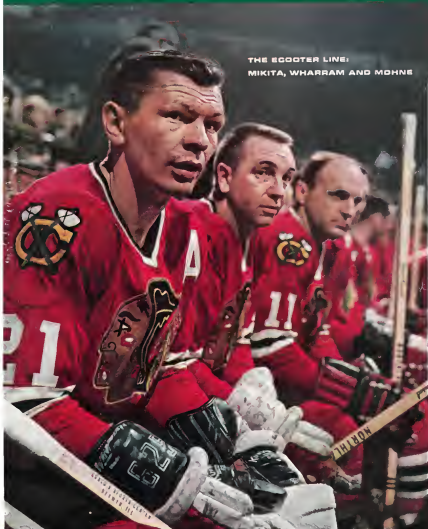


Sports Illustrated

MARCH 20, 1967 40 CENTS

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Next week

THE LAST FOUR teams in the NCAA basketball championships move on to play the final round in Louisville. Reports from the regional title games and Frank Deford's selections.

KOLLY AND THE REST of the careers of international skiers travel next to Vail, Colo. to participate in the second of three weekends of U.S. competition. Dan Jenkins observes.

REAL FOOTBALL, the world's most popular game, is going big-time in the U.S. Martin Kane writes about the soccer revolution and the millionaires betting on the sport's success.

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"It was like stepping back into the past, when falconry was an official sport in the Imperial Emperor's court. The scene made me want to take up falconry as a hobby, until I realized that it is really a complete way of life." So says Jerrold Schecter, Time Inc. Tokyo Bureau Chief, in describing the story behind the poignant story (page 48) on which he collaborated with Photographer T. Tanuma and Reporter-Interpreter S. Chang. The work of these three journalists is not new to our pages. They have reported on golf's international tournament, the Canada Cup, and on

have also had the pleasure of going after a "bird of paradise"—Ratna Sari Dewi, the beautiful wife of Indonesia's Sukarno.

Fubuki, the real live falcon, proved to be a bird of a different feather. It was an overnight train trip to Mamurogawa, 210 miles north of Tokyo. "The village could be a relic of feudal times," says Schecter, "except for the TV aerials that stuck up from the thatch-roofed farmhouses." The three journalists soon found themselves on bamboo snowshoes, trying desperately to keep up with Kutsuzawa, who is 71. "He seemed to sail through the snow as if he were paddling a canoe," Schecter recalls. "We just stumbled along behind in the belly-deep snow." It was so cold that Tanuma's film cracked and he finally took to warming it up under his *karawaki*, the traditional woolen belly band worn by Japanese men in winter.

Tanuma was far more fascinated by Fubuki's personality than by the actual hunting. His biggest problem was getting Fubuki and Kutsuzawa's other falcons to accept his presence. During one training session inside Kutsuzawa's "Falconry Institute," Tanuma's flashbulbs completely flustered the young falcons and they refused to perform.

Schecter, who first visited the Far East in 1955 with the Navy and later returned to work as a correspondent in Hong Kong before going to Tokyo, found the falcons "exciting but awesome." He explains: "Although I watched them closely, I felt completely unable to come to terms with them. But just to step into the life of the old falconer for a while, to see his patience and skill with one of nature's wildest creatures, was enough." For Schecter's son Steven, who is 10, it was an especially rewarding experience. "Stevie" and Kunio, the old falconer's grandson, fast became friends. While their elders worked, they picked wild chestnuts together, and Kunio gave Stevo lessons in falconry and judo.

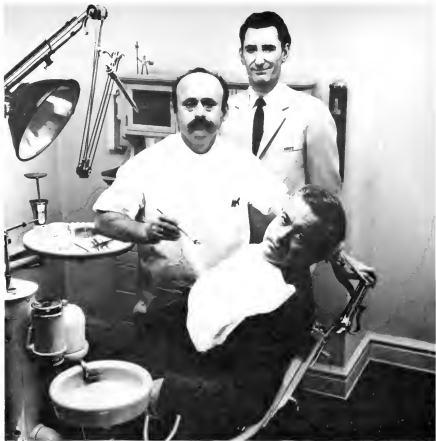


SCHECTER AND TANUMA

the first "Inji 200" auto race for Indianapolis cars, staged on a track at the foot of Mount Fuji. Most recently they went on a winter boar hunt that involved "two cold weekends but no boar and no story." All three also made important contributions to our prize-winning coverage of the 1964 Tokyo Olympics. But their several trips to Mamurogawa to visit Asaji Kutsuzawa and his magnificent hawk cage, Fubuki, were particularly memorable.

"It was not the first time that we have worked with birds of prey," says Schecter. "Not long ago we had to line up 800 assorted hostesses for a picture in Tokyo's huge Mikado Night Club. Tanuma somehow managed to trap all the fluttering wings in one frame. We

Garry Hall



A man in Brownsville, Texas let Hertz put him in the dentist's seat.

A guy arrived at the Hertz counter in Brownsville, Texas to pick up his car. And he was accompanied by a howling toothache.

So we not only rented him the driver's seat; we slapped him into the dentist's seat as well.

Our man in Brownsville set up an emergency appointment with his dentist, got into his own car, and led the way.

No, our business isn't first-aid. It's renting cars. But if first-aid will help satisfy a customer, we'll do that, too.

When you're number one in rent

a cars and have a competitor who's out to make you number two, you don't think about where to draw the line.

You think about how to go beyond it.

It's the underdog that's keeping the top dog on top.



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But coats you wear in the rain and the sun and the fog (as well as the cool and the warm) are much more.

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Because our Maincoats are

meant to be seen in any weather, we put a lot of styling into them.

For instance, we made the Essex on the short side. And we gave it our exclusive plaid lining.

We made the Lancer double-breasted. And put a notched semi-shawl collar on it.

People notice these things. They see how well our Maincoats fit.

They see all the little details that go into them.

And then you begin to see something, too. You see why they aren't called raincoats.

**The Maincoat
by London Fog**

Coats like these don't deserve to be called raincoats.



Left: The Essex - 50% polyester, 50% Combed Clastic Cloth®. About \$32.50. Right: The Lancer - 65% Dacron® polyester, 35% Combed cotton. About \$45.00. Prices slightly higher West of the Rockies. *London Fog's any weather coat. London Fog, Baltimore, Md.

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also in brown and white.

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in light, bright colors.

They're the most comfortable golf shoes you'll ever play in. So comfortable, in fact, that 18 holes can seem like nine. The lightness of Hush Puppies is one basic reason; they're about a pound a pair lighter than most other fine golf shoes. And this means that in the average round, you'll lift three tons less weight.

Choose from many new styles—two tones, wing-tips, saddles and moccasins for men. Light, bright styles for women, too. Hush Puppies

Bismey, in grained and brushed leathers.



come in two kinds of leather that are right for golf. Breathin'

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And the amazing new All-sports Sole is now available on some Hush Puppies styles. This sole has special deep-molded circles that grip almost anywhere. The All-sports Sole can be great for golf; some men like it better than spikes. One reason: You can wear these Hush Puppies to and from the course or anywhere in

the clubhouse. Or boating, traveling, vacationing, hiking around town or country.

If you expect to pay \$35 for a pair of golf shoes, expect two pair of Hush Puppies. Like an extra pair with the new All-sports Sole. Or a pair of Hush Puppies for your favorite woman golfer.



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Ford Galaxie 500 2 Door Hardtop



Quieter because it's stronger...stronger because it's better built. **FORD**

SCORECARD

ABOUT WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT

Interviewed between halves of the Kansas-Colorado basketball game at Lawrence last week, Dr. W. Clarke Wescoe, chancellor of the University of Kansas, described a Sunday morning when he picked up Coach Ted Owens, who had returned from a victorious road trip, drove him home, and found Mrs. Owens and the two children setting out for Sunday school. "That," said Dr. Wescoe, "seemed to me to sum up what intercollegiate athletics is all about."

In the second half of the Colorado game, which Kansas won 66-59, the partisan crowd of 14,500 showered the court with debris when the officials' calls went against Kansas. When Colorado's Pat Frink was called for charging, a Kansas cheerleader bounded onto the floor prepared to assault him. And when Frink left the game after a magnificent 27-point performance, he was loudly booed.

We do not mean to single out Kansas here; in fact, crowd behavior at Lawrence is quite mild compared to that at other schools—Colorado for one. However, we do suggest to Dr. Wescoe, with less pique but rather more relevance, that this is not what intercollegiate athletics is all about, and that he, as well as others of his station elsewhere, must speak out. In this instance, during the second half would have been a good time.

FUN IN FUN

When Frank Austin came to Phoenix 11 years ago he was a man of immediate distinction; he was the only hockey referee in the state of Arizona. Last week Austin earned yet another distinction: he was the first member of the Arizona Umpire Association to give the heave-ho to a major leaguer.

Austin, 50, and an elementary school math teacher, was working a Chicago Cub intrasquad game in Scottsdale between the Pete Reisers and the Joe Amalfitanoes. Before the game Manager Leo Durocher pulled Austin aside and advised him: "Don't let Reiser or Amalfitano get away with anything. But if they want to have a little fun, . . ."

"I knew what he meant," Austin explained later. "We do it a lot out here. The people enjoy seeing an argument with the umpire. We go along with the gag and help put on the act. It makes the game more interesting."

In the seventh inning, with the score tied 1-1, Austin called a balk against Bill Connors, who was pitching for the Reisers. Out charged Reiser, protesting vigorously. Austin replied with appropriately angry gestures, all the while telling Reiser, "You're doing this very good, but don't shout so loud."

Then it dawned on Austin that Reiser wasn't kidding—he was using dirty words—so Austin threw him out. Later Austin was told he may well have set a precedent, as no one could recall a major league player, coach or manager being ejected from an intrasquad game.

Durocher and the crowd thought the incident was kind of a gas, but Austin was not amused. "I don't take that from anyone," he said proudly. Good for you, Frank.

NO KICK COMING

Last week we told you how the Oakland Raiders signed Ron Chesteron, an employee of the Bank of America, after discovering him kicking field goals on a TV show. Now get this. Not long ago a Browns fan came across a piece of paper in a Cleveland phone booth on which was written Vince Lombardi's name and telephone number and the comment, "Can kick 100 yards—easily."

Before you could say Garo Yepremian the message was in the hands of Cleveland Coach Blanton Collier, who put Personnel Director Paul Bixler on the case. Bixler tracked the note to a restaurant. The man there said the reference was to his brother, who had come over from the old country, played high school soccer in New York, and wanted a try-out as a kicker.

The Browns, who could use one, gave the lad an audition. Club Owner Art Modell himself held the ball. The lad kicked and kicked and kicked, but little happened, even when he backed off for a 25-yard running start. And when he switched from soccer-style to the good old American way, he did even worse.

Said Collier: "We had to try it."

Said Modell: "He kicked two of my fingers farther than the ball."

HE SHOULD OF STOOD IN BED

The town of Pe Ell (pop.: 787) in southwest Washington is named after a French wagon trader who worked the territory. His name was Peschelle, which the Indians mispronounced. The other day the Pe Ell high school basketball team was playing Klickitat (pronounced Klickitat, which is the name of an Indian tribe meaning "beyond") in the state class B tournament in Spokane. But the Pe Ell coach, Alan Allie, was in bed in his motel room with sunsillitis and a 102° fever.

Through the assistance of tournament officials, Allie got a direct telephone line from his bed to the team bench, where he stationed an old buddy, Mack Arrington of Salem, Ore., to relay information to Assistant Coach Warren Land.

"I listened to the game on the radio and kept a chart on what was happening," said Allie. "I could tell pretty well



who was getting the rebounds, what boys were getting the job done, who was scoring, etc., from the announcer. I would make substitutions accordingly."

With Pe Ell leading 58-54 and about three minutes to play, Klickitat went into a pressing defense.

"I called a time out," Allie said. "I

continued



"What can you lose?"

Let's suppose your company asks you to enroll in the Dale Carnegie Course. What can you lose?

YOU COULD LOSE:

- a few evenings of TV, bridge or fly-tying
- any anxieties you might have about participation in discussions, seminars or executive meetings
- any doubts you may have about your own adequacy to face the pressures of modern living

YOU COULD ALSO LOSE:

- the habit of complacency about your personal goals and their attainment

- the doubtful privilege of being a good conformist and group-member-follower instead of gaining recognition as an independent, tough-minded individual

- any reluctance you have about making decisions, moving up, taking considered risks and facing the consequences

AND YOU'LL CERTAINLY WANT TO LOSE:

- the prospect of becoming mired in your present income bracket
- the opportunity to stay safe and snug in your present job level.

Our advice, sir? Get with it.

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There goes a guy
going places in his
pedwin.
shoes

Mars—A groovy oxford for teasing up the strip. Racy
Guantero seam. Midnight black or brown. Most Pedwins.
\$10 to \$15. Brown Shoe Company, St. Louis.

SCORECARD *continued*

told Mack to tell them how to break the press and then go into a stall. They made a couple of buckets, but we made a pair of free throws when they fouled trying to get the ball and we won, 60-59."

The next day, with Allie back on the bench, Pe Ell lost to Liberty 78-54.

MARCHING IN

For those who may think that the pro football boom has crested, we offer the following: the first day the New Orleans Saints put season tickets on sale, they sold 20,000, or nearly \$1 million worth.

THE VIRTUE OF PLASTIC

In 1965 Justice Douglas wrote in a Sierra Club book, *The Wild Cascades*:

"Several years ago, while sitting atop Plummer Mountain and looking to the whiteness of Glacier Peak and to the greenness of the Suatille forests, I wondered whether the next generation would ever have the chance to experience the same feeling of serenity and composure that was mine at that moment. . . ."

For a while it seemed the answer might be yes. In 1964 the Wilderness Bill became law, thereby enhancing protection for the great Glacier Peak volcano and its surrounding alpine wilderness. And this year the President himself proposed to Congress that a national park be created in the North Cascades, an area that a special committee of the National Park Service once said will "outrank in its scenic, recreational and wildlife values any existing national park and any other possibility for such a park within the United States."

It appears now, however, that before Congress can safeguard Plummer Mountain and the Suatille forests through the creation of a national park, both may be disfigured forever by the gargantuan scars of an open-pit copper mine, its mill, tailings dump, access road and reservoir. Government-owned Plummer contains a small, low-grade ore body that rising copper prices suddenly promise to make marginally profitable. A subsidiary of the Kennecott Copper Corp. had the foresight to buy a claim on the ore in the '50s and steps toward exploitation may begin this summer.

Fortunately, a group of Seattle-area Paul Revere known as the N3C (for North Cascades Conservation Council) has undertaken to cry the alarm and is culling on Congress and/or the Forest Service to protect the Glacier Peak area

continued

Zero King's Swisssaire—
a winner of a golf jacket
in a pin check of
two-ply Dacron polyester
and cotton
blended by

Galey & Lord



"When you're out of Schlitz, you're out of beer."

The Beer that made Milwaukee famous

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Shippers must get the right information over the phone, right away! And Tigers' experienced cargo handlers get continuous training in new ways to serve shippers faster, more efficiently. True, we don't offer much in coffee, cuisine or cuties—but when it comes to airfreight, we really care! If you'd like your next shipment handled by a team of specialists with unsurpassed know-how in the air cargo industry, call Tigers.

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WORLD HEADQUARTERS, INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT, LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA



against the miners. A hike we once took along Plummer Mountain's shoulder convinces us that the next generation will lose far less if it has to use plastic combs, say, instead of copper than if it can never enjoy the serene vistas of Glacier Park from an untrashed Plummer.

THIS IS A BALL. THE BALL IS ROUND

When the United Soccer Association and the National Professional Soccer League begin play next month, readers of the daily sports pages will be able to enjoy knowledgeable accounts of the games—God, and the Associated Press, willing. In a memo to bureaus and member newspapers the AP states in part:

"Because soccer is unfamiliar to virtually all American sportswriters, John Farrow of the AP's London bureau, a recognized authority on the game, has prepared a simple primer on the rules with suggestions on how to write soccer."

"Farrow's helpful hints follow:

"Soccer is played with 11 men on each team. Only the goalkeeper is allowed to handle the ball. The others must kick it or bat it with their heads."

"The object of the game is to get the round ball into the net of the opposition. . . ."

TWO-TIMING

Baseball is as slow to change as the elephant is to mate, but the American League is experimenting with a new rule: using the same pinch hitter twice in a game as long as he is designated beforehand. Despite the fact that Eddie Stanky thought it up (presumably to get a little more mileage out of ol' Smokey Burgess), the idea may well have some merit. And it also serves to recall the time Casey Stengel was managing Brooklyn and sent Babe Phelps up to pinch-hit for the pitcher in the fourth inning, with the Dodgers behind 4-0, bases loaded, two outs, this Dodger fan shouts down to Casey: "Stengel, you jerk, why didn't you save Phelps for the eighth?"

DOWN WITH THE BOURGEOISIE!

A good and necessary plan for a stable and two rings in New York's Central Park may have been doomed by typical dim-bulb thinking in the City Council. Sports now permitted in the park include tennis, boating, lawn bowling.

continued

Dwight Pelkin, of Sheboygan, Wisconsin, has hit me over 2,850 times and I still haven't cracked a smile!



Actual ball, stuffed but sound after 2,850 rim strokes.

After 635 holes and 2,850 strokes Shakespeare solid ball still good as new!

Quoted from Wisconsin.com's 1991 story of sports columnist Dwight Pelkin, and our new Shakespeare solid golf balls.

"When Shakespeare told me these golf balls were so tough I could leave them to my grandchildren I didn't believe it," says Dwight, "but I just about do, now!"

Dwight used two of our new solid balls and played each one a total of 635 holes—2,850 strokes—all with irons.

"The paint has become a little scuffed," Dwight tells us, "but they still haven't a 'smile' or crack on them. And they sailed out there as far as any of my usual high-compression balls. Dunno how they do it."

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Sports Illustrated
MARCH 20, 1987

LAFAYETTE, THEY

A flying streak in superstretch, Kelly wins his sixth



ARE BACK

The French won everything in sight at Franconia, N.H. Hard by a mountain named Lafayette, Jean-Claude Killy and the girls in blue led the battle for ski racing's new World Cup

CONTINUED

major downhill in six starts. As tribute, Governor John W. King of New Hampshire renamed the short but demanding course The Killy Racing Trail.





THAT GLAMOROUS DEVIL AND HIS CHORUS LINE

by DAN JENKINS

The French win, the once powerful Austrians are stupefied by the fact that they do, and the U.S. plants an occasional seed of hope. This has been the basic script of Alpine ski racing for two years, and it did not change last week, even though the action shifted from the high, open slopes of the Alps to the less dramatic hills of New Hampshire. That glamorous devil, Jean-Claude Killy, sporting sideburns and hair long enough to get a Long Island teen-ager expelled from school, performed his usual trick of winning all of the silverware in town. And when he was not busy adding throngs of New Englanders to his long list of admirers, his chorus line—the French girls—provided some interesting entertainment of their own.

Killy, who has lost only five races this year, swept the downhill, giant slalom and slalom in Franconia, N.H. at the North American championships and threatened to ring up a perfect score of 225 points in the new World Cup competition. He has already captured the cup, and is as far ahead of his nearest rival as the Savoye is from New Hampshire. He needs but one more giant-slam victory in the next two weeks to get that perfect score. Right now Killy has 215 points, which is more than twice the number collected by the second and third male skiers. Teammate Guy Périllat has 104, and Austrian Hans Messner has 100. The Frenchmen have six of the top 10 places and, since there is also a team trophy in the World Cup program, they will undoubtedly take that home as well. Karl Schranz, only last year Killy's rival for world's best skier, has just 51 points.

Serving as a happy interruption to

Killy's spectacular show at Franconia were the surprisingly good performances of Americans Jimmy Heuga in slalom and Jan Burrows in downhill. Americans normally finish the downhill two or three days after the French and Austrians. But Burrows, a big ex-football player from Steamboat Springs, Colo., one of Coach Bob Beattie's brightest hopes, blazed to the finish only one second behind Killy and into third place behind Guy Périllat. It was the best downhill for a U.S. racer since Billy Kidd, who is recuperating this season from an assortment of injuries, took a third in the Hahnenkamm at Kitzbühel a year ago. Burrows' feat was, in fact, one of the alltime best downhills for an American. We obviously haven't had many to brag about.

Heuga closed the meet in the chill of late Sunday afternoon by running one of his best slalom races since 1964, when he was third in the Innsbruck Olympics and won the Kandahar at Garmisch. Jimmy started from the 15th position in his first run but wiggled up to the second fastest time behind—big surprise—Killy. Then in the second heat he had the fastest clocking, with exceptionally smooth form. Killy—inspired, perhaps by the towering presence of a neighboring mountain named Lafayette—managed to beat him by .07 second, which is about as long as it takes to wink at a teeny bopper.

When Killy wasn't dashing over the well-prepared slopes of Franconia and attracting hordes of autograph-seekers—something of a new sight around an American ski race—the sometimes rowdy, sometimes ingratiating French girls were onstage. Foremost among them was Marielle Goetschel, and spot-

lighting her presence was the struggle she was involved in for the women's World Cup championship with her teammate Annie Famose and Canada's Nancy Greene.

Marielle conducted herself at Franconia with all the feminine grace of an irritable truck driver in a roadside tavern. Her language around the finish areas would have made a linebacker blush if he understood French. After she had fallen in the downhill on Friday she bullied her way into a fenced-off snow patch reserved for officials and began hollering about what a lousy place New Hampshire was. Obviously, she was unimpressed by the evidence that New Hampshire, playing host to its first big international ski event, was staging one of the best-run races in U.S. ski history, or even by the fact that the state had produced Mary Baker Eddy, Daniel Webster and Bob Beattie.

After her fall she stood on the sidelines until the men's downhill began. Then she led Willy Schaeffler, the technical director of the races, a wild chase down the mountain. While the men's downhill race was in progress Marielle swooped on and off the course. Willy, outraged, scussed after her, gesturing and commanding her to get off the course. Marielle would ski down a hundred yards, stop, turn around and ask what he wanted. But as Willy got close she would outrun him again.

The day before, though, Marielle had pulled her biggest stunt of all. At the starting gate for her downhill nonstop run she refused to wait for the racer ahead of her to get safely down the trail. She started to push off, but an assistant starter held a ski pole outstretched in front of her.

continued

The best girl shere in the world, Marielle Goetschel (top). Annie Famose and Nancy Greene, refurbished their rivalry in New Hampshire.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MICHAEL J. SHANAHAN

"What are you doing?" she screamed. "No one in the world stops me from going where I please." With that, Marielle shoved the poor fellow, sending him sprawling backward into the snow, and tossed his ski pole into the woods. And she fled away.

"These antics of hers are not funny anymore," said Schaeffer later. "People have been calling her 'playful Marielle' for three years, but do you want to know what she is? She is a bouncer in a Paris nightclub."

But she is still a very good skier, and is clinging to her role as the best woman racer in the world, though just barely. She is having her poorest season since she emerged with that reputation at the Innsbruck Olympics in 1964.

For three winters Marielle almost never fell in a race or in practice and was virtually unbeatable. She was too agile and strong. You could put her in a four-way intersection of Mexico City taxicabs, and the odds would be against her getting knocked off her feet. But this year she has been catching snow in the face like a beginner. She fell in a slalom at Oberstaufen. She fell in another slalom at Monte Bondone. She did a classic cartwheel in downhill practice at Bad Gastein and suffered a mild concussion. And then she came out of her binding in the Franconia downhill and sliced a couple of moguls off old C-93, which was the name of the downhill course before New Hampshire Governor John King changed it to The Killy Racing Trail.

There have been several explanations for the fact that Marielle is not dominating her sport the way she has done in the past—for the fact that she has come

back to the field, so to speak, thereby giving Annie Famose and Nancy Greene a shot at the women's World Cup.

The word in Europe was that she simply had not trained seriously enough and was perhaps growing complacent. She did suffer an injury to her Achilles' tendon in Val-d'Isère, her home in the French Alps, before the major part of the season started. A further explanation for her obvious inconsistency in 1967 was offered by a journalist who knows her well, Serge Lang of *L'Equipe*. "I think she may be in love," said Serge.

Whether any of these reasons were valid only Marielle could say, and she chose to blame it all on her preseason training.

"Hurting my foot in Val-d'Isère ruined my training and got me off to a bad start," she said. "Yes, I have a boyfriend, but I never see him. He is a Parisian."

She swore she was not complacent, primarily because of Annie Famose. "She has always been there to overtake me when I have faltered," she says. "I fear Annie constantly, and therefore I must always try my best."

Annie Famose became someone to be feared last August, when she won the world championship in slalom at Portillo. Until then she had been the girl who finished second to Marielle on just about every Alp in Europe.

Famose is a little, dark-eyed, animated cutie with black bangs who can whoop or weep at the drop of a decimal point on a result sheet. Next to Killy, she is the member of the French team who is most popular with the other racers. Men have been known to take one glance at her cheerfully vivid smile and vote her the girl they would like most to

take on their next Mediterranean cruise.

Annie stayed within reasonably warm pursuit of Nancy Greene when the World Cup competitions got under way in January. That was when Nancy was winning four out of five races in Europe. Annie captured the only one that Greene lost, and also got a second. She then took another, a slalom, in France the week Nancy went home to Canada, and that made it a ball game.

It may turn out that returning home for the month of February and missing some of the World Cup races in Europe will cost Nancy the overall title. It was then that Marielle and Famose passed her. Nevertheless, Nancy Greene went back to a delirious reception in Canada. Her success seemed to give the country its biggest boost since Canada won the world hockey championship in 1961. Just the week before Franconia there was a Nancy Greene Day in Rossland, B.C., where she had been paraded through town on a float, was given the Freedom of the City award and a lifetime membership to the local ski area.

"At first I don't think many of us even knew which events were counting for the World Cup," Nancy said last week. "But then it started to get important, and now I want to win it badly."

Nancy wants it so much, in fact, that it has become difficult to be good friends with Marielle Goitschel.

"We just compete too hard against each other," said Nancy. "But she is the kind of person I would really like to get to know someday when we aren't racing anymore."

Greene and Famose are far friendlier, or one would have to assume so from

THE GIRLS' RACE FOR THE WORLD CUP

	Oberaufaufen, Ger.		Grindelwald, Switz.			Schruns, Aus.		Saint-Gervais, Fr.	
	S	GS	D	S	GS	G	S	S	GS
GOITSCHTEL	Fell — 9	5th — 8	4th — 6	4th — 11	3rd — 15	1st — 25	1st — 25	2nd — 20	2nd — 20
FAMOSE	3rd — 15	Fell — 0	Fell — 0	1st — 25	2nd — 20	3rd — 15	2nd — 20	1st — 25	3rd — 15
GREENE	1st — 25	1st — 25	1st — 25	Fell — 0	1st — 25	4th — 11	3rd — 15	absent	absent

Points for the World Cup of skiing—a 1967 innovation—are earned for placings in downhill (D), slalom (S) and giant slalom (GS) events selected by the World Cup committee. There are nine

World Cup meets, those listed plus two more to take place in the U.S. (this week's giant slalom race at Vail, Colo. and next week's finale, the slalom and giant slalom at Jackson Hole, Wyo.). Only a

the fact that Annie brought Nancy two specially made wool caps from France.

Actually, the Franconia races did little to clear up the World Cup muddle among the three girls, only serving to add more weight to the competitions this week and next at Vail, Colo., and Jackson Hole, Wyo.

The World Cup is designed to determine the best racers over a whole season. A racer takes his or her three best results in slalom, giant slalom and downhill—nine in all—and the one with the largest combined total of points is the World Cup champion. The skiers can also be named champions in three individual events, and medals will be awarded for these. For example, all three young ladies arrived in New Hampshire on the brink of winning a medal apiece. Gotschel had won two downhills, Greene two giant slaloms and Famose two slaloms. One more victory in those events would assure them of no worse than a tie for a World Cup medal in those specialties.

The way they began to ski at Franconia, however, left the thousands of New Hampshire spectators wondering what all of the furor was about. After Marielle fell in the downhill Greene finished a deeply disappointing 13th. Famose did grab a third as another French girl, small but powerful Isabelle Mir, sped away from the pack to win.

Since the mountains of New Hampshire are like snowbanks compared to, say, the Alps, it was a short downhill. But it was a good one with varied terrain, a lot of high-speed turns, and bumps—"a good technical course," the racers described it. The French women's coach,

Jean Béranget, said, "It is no surprise that Mir should have won. She and Erika Schmeigger [Austria] are the two best women downhillers in the world now. Marielle is in poor form."

The giant slalom proved just as inconclusive. Nancy Greene ran a beautiful race on a tight course—the gates were so close it looked more like a slalom—but she failed to win by .18 second. That was the margin by which Christine Béranget, Marielle's older sister and the wife of their coach, was first. Nancy was third. Between them came young Florence Steurer, another French girl to watch—she is fifth in women's World Cup competition with 99 points. Isabelle Mir has 100.

Even the French were stunned by Christine's win. She had not raced well in more than a year, but there she came, as fluid and graceful as everyone remembered her from Innsbruck. She took the bottom of the course like an instructor giving a demonstration. She had the line and the advantage of the No. 1 starting position, and later on Nancy, who started 14th and therefore had more runs to contend with, simply could not overcome her initial handicap, although she lashed at the gates like the aggressor she is. Marielle finished seventh and Famose eighth, too far back for their World Cup standings to be seriously affected.

With events running out, Sunday's slalom became all the more important as well as dramatic. The town was poised for the most memorable traffic jam in New Hampshire's history.

This was the day everything returned to form, including the American girls, who should be decent in slalom—and

suddenly were. The weather had turned colder after two days of snow-softening sun, and the hill was hard and fast. Marielle, back at her best, ripped off a victory in the slalom while Isabelle Mir, who will be somebody to watch at the Grenoble Olympics next year, took second. Famose took third and Nancy Greene did what she unfortunately has done before—fell in the second run after having led the first.

At the top of the hill, honey-blond Penny McCoy had announced, "The teeny boppers are going to go so fast today they're going to have to clock us with radar." And when the clocking was done, U.S. teammate Rosie Fortna had skied into fourth place, Penny was in fifth and Suzy Chaffee was in seventh.

Marielle had been third in the first run, a full three seconds behind Nancy, and she might have been thinking about her ankle, her Achilles' tendon or maybe her boy friend in Paris. But Marielle is Marielle—particularly when she needs to come from behind. And no one was going to beat her on the second run. Maybe the only person who could have beaten her was Jean-Claude Killy. She won by .36 second.

In the end, World Cup points separating the three racers remained virtually unchanged by the Franconia events. Marielle had protected her lead, after all—and even improved it slightly. Annie had crept up just a bit, and Nancy was still looking for the still possible big win that could overtake the French. The curtain was still up for two more roasting weeks of girls racing, with Jean-Claude continuing to show them all how it ought to be done. **AND**

Monte Bondone, It.

S	D
Fell — 0	
2nd — 20	
absent	

Lesbrière, It.

D	S
1st — 25	
5th — 8	
absent	

Franconia, N.H.

D	S	GS
Fell — 0	1st — 25	7th — 4
3rd — 15	3rd — 15	8th — 3
13th — 0	Fell — 0	3rd — 15

TOTAL CUP POINTS

D	S	GS	THE CUP
56	70	43	169
38	70	38	146
36	40	65	141

racer's three best scores in each of the three events (indicated in red on the chart) are counted in the World Cup total. Thus, since first place earns 25 points, the maximum a skier can get is 75 in one

event, or 225 in all. Jean-Claude Killy, who has clinched the men's World Cup already, has 215 points. Even though Marielle Gotschel leads her rivals, either could overtake her in the races to come.

Middle-distance stars Dave Patrick of Villanova and Jim Ryun of Kansas met at a half mile. Patrick won going away, but Ryun reacted to his first loss in almost two years by coming up with a record mile by GWILYM S. BROWN

FIRST BLOOD OF A CLASSIC DUEL



Blazing home to a world indoor half-mile record, Patrick is far up the track ahead of Ryun and third-place finisher Pete Farrell of Notre Dame.

Most mortals are spooked by fears—of snakes or of the dark or height or tight places. For Jim Ryun of Kansas, who before last weekend was beginning to be regarded as something more than mortal, the phobia is simply of losing. The haunting thought that he could lose a race at a half mile, a mile or two miles has helped make him the world's best middle-distance runner, but it has also become a worrisome thing. "I hate to lose so much," he said recently, "that I think it's turning into something of a mental problem."

For many months he has known how defeat would come. Tired from a hard

earlier race, he has imagined, he would meet a freshly rested, top-class runner, and a chain of major race victories that extends all the way back to August 1965 suddenly would be snapped.

But when this moment began to unfold last Friday night at the NCAA indoor half-mile final in Detroit the act itself was so convincing, so shocking, that a bellowing pro-Ryun crowd of 9,551 at the Cobo Arena could hardly believe it was happening. Even Ryun himself was incredulous. Far out in the lead was blond, sturdy Dave Patrick of Villanova (51, March 13), sprinting tirelessly around the 160-yard board track as

if the finish line were always just a step ahead, his lips moving silently as he counted off the laps that clattered by at a world-record pace. Far behind pounded Ryun, his head wobbling from side to side, his face contorted with desperate pain as he worked to reduce a margin that had grown to an amazing 35 yards by midrace. Then it was over—a good, old-fashioned rout. Patrick, with a broad grin splitting his craggy face, was the winner by 15 yards in the indoor-world-record time of 1:48.9.

If the finish to the eagerly awaited confrontation between Ryun and Patrick seemed unbelievable to some, no one can

any longer doubt that young Patrick has emerged as something substantially more than just another challenger to the once unbeatable Jim Ryun. It is true that two hours before this race, while Patrick rested in his hotel room, Ryun had been pushed to a fast 4:08 effort in winning his mile trial heat. The run had certainly drained some of his deep reserves. But even with a fresh Ryun in the half mile the final result would probably have been the same, although the race itself must have been far more competitive.

"I really felt happy, not just because I won," said the exhilarated 20-year-old Villanova junior after the race, "but also because I had so much energy left. I could have run faster."

"Maybe it's all for the best," said the chagrined 19-year-old Kansas sophomore, attempting to pluck some consolation from his rare defeat. "Maybe it will prove to people that I'm human after all, that I can suffer pain, that I can be beaten. Maybe now some of the pressure will be off."

So far as this race was concerned, the pressure had been on since the middle of February when Patrick won the New York AC mile in 3:59.3, at that time the fastest mile run indoors in the U.S. since 1964. The pressure hardened when both runners ran record-breaking half miles a week later, and reached the explosive stage two weeks ago when Patrick ran four races to help Villanova win the IC4A championship while Ryun was winning three, including a 3:58.8 mile, to help Kansas thoroughly dominate the Big Eight title meet.

Ryun, who has been conditioning himself carefully with an eye toward the outdoor season, seemed to be ready, but Patrick's coach, Jumbo Elliott, oozed confidence. "My fella's going to win this race," he announced exuberantly one night while buying drinks for friends and well-wishers at Danny's Gin Mill and Chop House in downtown Detroit. "But we've got other problems to worry about. You know that I'm never about to say anything that's going to give Dave Patrick an inferiority complex, but this week he's just another one of 13 or 14 guys who are trying to win a team title." Yeah, Jumbo.

Fortunately for Patrick, he felt in as fine fettle as his coach. He had taken

two tough hour exams in managerial economics and principles of promotion and had a slight cold, but the cold cleared up late in the week and Patrick felt thoroughly rested, if somewhat excited. "I found it awfully hard to concentrate on my exams," said Patrick, a talkative extrovert who belies his dour looks. "Every time I thought about running against Ryun I'd get so tense I had to go and lie down."

Ryun's state of mind was not the picture of somnambulant ease, either. He was contemplating, with a good deal of apprehension, a day that would see him run a half-mile heat at 4 p.m. (Patrick had to run one, too), a mile heat at 8 p.m. and the big race with his determined challenger at a little after 10 p.m. He floated easily through the first heat, but when he finished the mile trial his first thought was a bit frightening. "I think I'm in trouble," he said. "I don't know why, but I feel terrible."

Patrick's race tactics were born of a winter's experience that had seen him run two dozen races indoors and of the certainty that Ryun would have less than his usual finishing sting. Patrick's plan was to draw the sting out altogether. From his position on the outside of the six-man field he bolted across to the front as if Coach Elliott had prodded him with a dueling rapier. Suddenly he was leading Ryun by five yards, and the lead was growing longer.

"The plan was to try and get in front right away and then really burn the fifth lap," said Patrick, "but when I heard the first quarter time was 52.4 I decided just to keep going at the same pace."

The same pace looked like a sprint to Ryun and, relatively inexperienced in the rough-and-tumble sport of board running, he made a serious tactical mistake. "He was going so fast," said Ryun after the race, "that I decided to wait, hoping that he might tie up. Suddenly, while I was holding back, three guys went by me. I don't know that I could have beaten him, but by the time I got back around them Dave was too far ahead."

He was indeed. During the last lap Patrick took a quick peek over his left shoulder to see what was keeping Ryun, saw how far back he actually was and at that moment began to believe he had won the big race of the winter.

Dramatic match-ups of this sort have been all too rare during the long indoor season that has now drawn to a close. Inevitably, the excitement created by the Ryun-Patrick duel muffled the impact of some very fine performances in the year's best track meet. Cool Charlie Greene won the 60-yard dash for the third consecutive year, despite a sore hamstring muscle in his right leg. "I was not able to get my usual explosive start," cracked the not exactly demure Nebraska senior, "but you've got to say something nice about three for three."

Plucky Gerry Lindgren ran in from all the way to score a meet-record victory in the two-mile run (8:34.7), his fifth consecutive NCAA title of one distance or another indoors or out, and Southern California, getting three first places that included another 17-foot pole vault by Bob Seagren, won a solid team victory.

Certainly Ryun and Patrick, in spite of a remarkable mile by Ryun on Saturday, found it tough to top their act in the 880. Ryun, taking out his frustration on the clock, charged impatiently through a front-running race in the mile final. With two laps to go he dislodged the sticky figure of Kent State's little Sam Bar, the recent AAU mile champion, and chalked up the fastest mile time he has ever made indoors, 3:58.6. Patrick, still soaring on a euphoric cloud, grabbed the baton for his mile stint as anchorman on Villanova's distance medley relay team and flew through his opening quarter in 54.2 seconds as if barriers of flesh, blood, bone and the oxygen debt no longer existed for him. Then, after seeming to fade, he came on fast again to secure second place for his team with a 4:00.6 mile. Thirty minutes later, now brought to earth, Patrick was back once more to run his half-mile leg in the two-mile-relay final. For an agonizing two minutes six seconds he wobbled courageously around the track, before collapsing on the infield.

True hero of the 1967 NCAA indoor track championships, Dave Patrick was half carried, half dragged by two trainers to the medical room, where perhaps he began to dwell on some phobias of his own. The duel that may someday become a classic in American track had only begun.

END

NCAA: 22 TEAMS AFTER ALCINDOR

There is not much hope of an upset in the annual tournament, but the team that starts the most sophomores should win. Unfortunately for the others, big Lew is one of four rookies who will represent UCLA **by FRANK DEFORD**

The arrival of spring usually inspires a resurgence of hope all around, but this week 23 college basketball teams are conducting—in an atmosphere of semi-despair—the formal rites that should legitimate UCLA as national champion. In its 29th tournament, the NCAA stands for No Chance Against Alcindor.

This theme is likely to continue for the next two years, but there is the sad additional note that many of the same young men must go down to frustrating defeat throughout the Alcindor Era. For while much has been made of the fact that UCLA is virtually an all-sophomore team (five of the first six; no senior at all), a less publicized truth is that sophomores abound in unusual numbers everywhere. At the same time, only a few teams feature seniors. There are exactly 11 senior starters on the top 10 teams.

Indeed, the figures suggest that the younger the team the better. The best teams in the country is 80% sophomore. The five best are 48% sophomore. The 10 top teams are 36% sophomore, and all 23 in this year's tournament field are 31% sophomore. How good are they? Well, in the seven first-round games played last Saturday, the winners started twice as many sophomores as the losers. There have been tournaments before that starred sophomores and were notable for the absence of seniors—Indiana's 1953 champions played no seniors, Ohio State's 1960 winners were led by three sophomores—but none has been so overwhelmingly populated by rookies.

The presence of so much extreme youth is bound to produce surprises and unexpected play—good and bad—throughout the tournament. This has been the case all year, for even the best teams have gone through long, unexpected

slumps and periods of uneven play that may be attributed to inexperience.

A classic example of how unpredictable sophomores can be occurred Saturday in the qualifying round at Lexington, Ky., where one of Virginia Tech's two starting rookies, Ken Talley, made 10 of 15 shots, had his best night ever with 24 points and led the Gobblers over Toledo and its three sophomore starters 82-76. The irony is that only the week before Toledo had routed Tech 90-71. Though they lost Saturday, the Rockets were helped considerably by sophomore Bob Miller, who came off the bench to score 19. That sixth-man position, traditionally, is supposed to be handled by a cagey veteran who can withstand the pressure and the burden of having to hie off the bench and stir up his club. But even this venerable role has been assumed by sophomores on many teams. The best, perhaps, is Bill Vaughn of SMU.

Virginia Tech will be joined at Evansville, Ill. in the Midwest Regional by Tennessee, Dayton—which qualified with a mild upset overtime win over Western Kentucky—and Indiana, the Big Ten co-champ. The Hoosiers scrambled to a 10-4 record, a complete turnaround from last year. They were led by Butch Joyner, a much-underrated player who averaged 19 points a game and who, together with Bill DeHiller—a sophomore, of course—gave the team the rebounding it lacked in 1966. Indiana tied with Michigan State over the regular season, but there was no playoff. An archaic Big Ten rule stipulates that in such cases, the team that more recently represented the conference must yield the NCAA berth. This is a generous gesture, but one hardly designed to produce the best team.

Still it ranks right up there with the Code of Hammurabi when compared to

some of the NCAA dictums. One such rule cost Defending Champion Texas Western the services of senior Forward Neval (Shadon) Shed. (Texas Western is now, officially, the University of Texas at El Paso, or UTEP.) It seems that Shed played on the varsity for North Carolina A&T when he was a freshman there in 1962-63. This was legal, approved by the NCAA. It was also permissible for Shed to play all this regular season for UTEP. But he was declared ineligible for the tournament. There is about as much logic in this as there would be in declaring that all children of a certain marriage were illegitimate if born on Tuesdays or Thursdays. To make the whole thing even sillier, it was decreed that if North Carolina A&T had had an enrollment of less than 751 males when the party of the first part played there, then it would all be hunky-dory and he would be eligible.

Thus, Shed was sitting in the press box Saturday night in Fort Collins, Colo., when UTEP beat Seattle to qualify for the Western Regional against Pacific. However, with Shed ineligible and Bobby Joe Hill flunked out, Coach Don Haskins has been forced to use Fred Carr, a football linebacker, as a regular forward. Carr did not even suit up for Haskins until February 25.

His squad is so decimated that Haskins really would have preferred to have come to New York and the NIT—where it is still considered permissible to use players who have played all year long. The Miners felt, however, that they were obliged to at least attempt to defend their national crown. As a reward for this decision, the NCAA shifted UTEP to the Western Regional, which denied the school an opportunity to defend its Midwest Regional championship.

continued

1967 NCAA Title Draw

EAST REGIONALS

WEST VIRGINIA
Sheetsboro, Va., March 11
PRINCETON

PRINCETON
College Park, Md., March 17
NORTH CAROLINA

CONNECTICUT
Kingston, N.J., March 11
HOSTON COLLEGE

HOSTON COLLEGE
College Park, Md., March 17
ST. JOHN'S

TEMPLE
Sheetsboro, Va., March 11
ST. JOHN'S

College Park, Md., March 18

SEMIFINALS

Louisville, March 24

MIDEAST REGIONALS

EASTERN KENTUCKY
Lexington, Ky., March 11
DAYTON

DAYTON
Lexington, Ky., March 17
TENNESSEE

TOLEDO
Lexington, Ky., March 11
VIRGINIA TECH

VIRGINIA TECH
Lexington, Ky., March 17
INDIANA

Lexington, Ky., March 18

THIRD PLACE

Louisville, March 25

FINALS

Louisville, March 25

MIDWEST REGIONALS

SSU
Lawrence, Kans., March 11
LOUISVILLE

Lawrence, Kans., March 18

HOUSTON
Fort Collins, Colo., March 11
NEW MEXICO STATE

HOUSTON
Lawrence, Kans., March 17
KANSAS

SEMIFINALS

Louisville, March 24

WEST REGIONALS

WYOMING
Corvallis, Ore., March 11
UCLA

Corvallis, Ore., March 18

PACIFIC
Corvallis, Ore., March 17
TEXAS WESTERN

TEXAS WESTERN
Fort Collins, Colo., March 11
SEATTLE

Utah State did choose the NIT over the NCAA because, as in the case of Shed, one of State's players was declared ineligible. He had attended junior college for a year, a normal occurrence in that area. However, the NCAA bans such a JC transfer from its tournament—though, of course, he may be used all season to get his team into the tournament. Utah State Athletic Director Frank Williams also joined a chorus of independents in claiming that the NCAA discriminated against them and in favor of conference teams.

Admittedly, there are conference champions occasionally who earn an automatic bye into the NCAA despite poor overall records. For instance, Wyoming, only 15-12, upset Brigham Young Saturday in a playoff to win the Western Athletic Conference and gain the privilege of being the first victim for UCLA. But for every Wyoming there is also a Florida, which was 21-4 and got into no tournament, or a Vanderbilt, whose record

was 22-4 last season and 21-5 this year—and missed out both times. Despite all the bleating of the independents, the truth is that among all 37 tournament teams (NCAA and NIT), the conference representatives had the better record, 794 to .775.

At any rate, Wyoming does not have the slightest chance against UCLA at Corvallis, Ore., and neither does the winner between UTEP and Pacific. Just as certain as the fact that UCLA will have a slowdown game thrown at it on both nights. Bill Strannigan, the Wyoming coach, was the first man to beat Wilt Chamberlain with a stall, when Strannigan coached at Iowa State.

Of course, no one admits to a "slowdown" or "control game" any more. Suddenly, this type of nonplay has more polite synonyms than being inepted does. The latest addition: "tempo situation," which is what Connecticut's Fred Shabel called it after his team had held Boston College to a 14-13 first half. But

aside from such extremes as this, it is obvious that the newest fad is at least a moderate control game. In the seven qualifying games Saturday the teams averaged a total of 122 points a game. Last year the figure was 149. First halves, particularly, are proceeding with all the dispatch of the Hundred Years' War. Except for the Tech-Toledo game, which was 46-43 at half time, the Saturday contests averaged a rousing 47 points at intermission: 26-21.

Boston College Coach Bob Cousy at first refused to comment on the stall. "Look," he said, "I'll be quoted everywhere as being against the college game." Then he went on to suggest that he was against *this* kind of college game, anyway. "I don't think either team did college basketball a bit of good tonight," he said. "Maybe we ought to go back to the peach baskets. I'm not completely against control tactics. I'd use them myself if I were in a similar situation. But there are degrees to everything. I think the difference tonight was that Connecticut didn't take the good shots even when they were presented with them. I believe in patient ball handling under these circumstances, but you should be working for the good shot. This was a farce."

Cousy's star that night, Steve Adelman, said it a bit differently. "It's a funny feeling after playing a game—not even sweating or being tired."

The exemplar of control ball or whatever it is that causes fewer points to be scored is Tennessee, which has played that style for years in the face of raging point battles all around it. "To say we hold the ball deliberately is simply an untruth," Coach Ray Mears says. "We try to score every opportunity we have. But we are not going to take a shot unless we get a good one, even if it takes 45 or 50 seconds." Mears did not expect his team to win the SEC this season, but neither did he expect to find players who virtually have to be prodded to shoot.

The team works with a sophomore, Billy Hane, at the point and then maneuvers endlessly to set up Ron Widby for a shot. Nobody else—Tom Boerwinkle, who is 7 feet, or sophomore Bill Justus or Tom Hendrix, a fine ball handler—shows much inclination to score. During the last few games Tennessee has gone to Widby even more than is normal, and with his fallaway jump—which appears, at first glance, to be taken off balance—he managed to lead the SEC



The player who carries St. John's offense, rangy Sonny Dave, lays one up against Temple.



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in scoring while his team was last in offense.

The Vols should win this Regional, the weakest, without great difficulty, though Dayton, the Friday-night opponent, has an outside chance. The Flyers have improved since two starters from last year's NCAA team were replaced by younger men. But the key is still All-America Don May, a 6'4" forward who not only gets 20 points a game but ranks fifth in the nation—smack amid all the giants—with an average of 17 rebounds.

The two best Regionals are in the East and Midwest and in each three of the nation's top 10 will be in action. (All 10 made the tournament this year, a rare occurrence.) The favorites are Kansas, which should become the first Midwest team ever to win a Regional on its home court, and Boston College. The other two eastern contenders, North Carolina and Princeton, must face each other again, while BC gets St. John's on the opening night.

Princeton beat Carolina 91-81 at Chapel Hill in December. But Tar Heel Center Rusty Clark had a virus and saw only brief action, and Guard Bob Lewis was in early foul trouble. The latter player would seem to be the more important Carolina asset, but Coach Dean Smith likes to play to Clark underneath—even when that play is being trumped, as Duke managed to do Saturday in the Atlantic Coast finals. In that game Lewis and Larry Miller finally took over themselves and got the Tar Heels home. Miller made 13 of 14 shots and 32 points. Lewis made 26. Their efforts had been almost as heroic in pushing Carolina past N.C. State and Wake Forest in the earlier games. Clark and three other sophomores (the most ever on an ACC winner) added 23 to help L&M beat Duke. But Lewis and Miller must play outstanding games each night to bring the Tar Heels to Louisville.

Princeton has much better balance, but the scoring responsibility has lately fallen more and more upon juniors Joe Heiser and John Haarlow. Haarlow suffered an ankle injury in the last seconds against West Virginia. How well he recovers by Friday may determine the outcome of this Regional.

Off the boards, Boston College may be no tougher than the Tigers, but Cousy's men are less prone to foul trouble. He can field four big men at a time, moving Steve Adelman, 6'6", out front on



Passing through West Virginia's press, as Gary Walters does here, helped Princeton advance.

the zone. Princeton will not be able to shoot over this array as easily as it did against West Virginia. If Carolina plays BC, Miller will have to go to the boards more than he usually does, for the same reason. With little sophomore Billy Evans directing, BC is much more unified this year than last, when much of the play was aimed at setting up high scorer John Austin. The balance is excellent. Cousy's defense—man to man or the 2-3 zone—is the most effective he has developed in his four years of coaching. St. John's plays an honestly deliberate game backed by another fine defense. But Center Sonny Dove will have to come up with an exemplary performance for the Redmen to match BC on offense.

There is irony in the Midwest matchups. Louisville, generally conceded to be the team with the best chance of beating UCLA, would face the Bruins on its home court at Freedom Hall in the semifinals. But to do so it must get by Kansas on the Jayhawks' home court. Even before that, Louisville must play an unusually good Southwest Conference team, Southern Methodist, and the Cardinals must go on the court after three full weeks of inactivity.

SMU offers surprise—four startling seniors, and Louisville's reputation should not frighten them. "I've always secretly felt," says Mustang Coach Doc Hayes, "that we had a chance to win any game we've been in this season. I wouldn't state it publicly before, but now we're too far along for me to be coy." Kansas, on the other hand, should have no difficulty with a Houston team that just managed to get past the little

New Mexico State Aggies by one point.

A Kansas-Louisville Regional final would present two superb young stars, Jo Jo White of Kansas and Busch Beard, though it is unlikely that they will face off against each other unless Beard is forced to move into the backcourt. In the pivot Kansas has little chance of containing Louisville's Westley Unveld man to man. The Jayhawk center, sophomore Vernon Vanoy, is a hustling big man, but he fouls out of two-thirds of his games. Instead, Kansas must depend on a devastating team defense—the zone trap at its best. Since Kansas is playing at home, that defense should be at peak efficiency, insure a narrow win and send the Jayhawks to Freedom Hall.

Interest has never been higher in the NCAA, either despite or because of Alcindor. The finals will be televised nationally and Regional telecasts are becoming routine. Live attendance will also set a record. (In 1962 the figure was padded to an impossible 187,000. This year's true count will be 175,000.) That's quite an audience for sophomores to play before and for coaches to annoy with their slowdowns. But even grander things are in store. Coach Johnny Dee of Notre Dame suggests that the tournament format be changed to include every NCAA team in the country—all 600 of them, or however many will have joined up. They would start off playing in 64 sectionals and work down from there. Dee figures that would bring \$5 million in gate receipts even before the final round and before TV pays a penny. How about that for restoring a little of the old hope all around?

END



NO FOLD IN CHICAGO

Renouncing their traditional March tallspin, Bobby Hull and the rest of the bolterous Black Hawks skate to the first championship in the club's history by **PETE AXTHELM**

Stan Mikita eases himself into the window seat beside Sockeye, and Doug Jarrett leans over from the aisle of the bus that is carrying the Chicago Black Hawks into town from the Toronto airport. Both players talk quickly, loudly, a little too intently, about how funny it had been to see Ed Van Impe's newspaper burst into flames in his hands, a victim of Whitey's high-powered butane lighter. Suddenly Sockeye, whose proper name is Dion Urca and who has been the Hawks' equipment manager and court jester long enough to be suspicious of everybody, lets out a yell. "Hey, what's Whitey doing now?"

Too late, Whitey—otherwise Patrick James Stapleton, 26-year-old gentleman farmer, father of five and an outstanding Hawk defenseman—is already posed behind Sockeye with a shiny steel chain. One end is padlocked to the base of the bus seat. Whitey deftly loops the other end around Sockeye's neck. Mikita and Jarrett hold their pigeon as Whitey clamps a second padlock shut, sentencing Sockeye to an undetermined stretch aboard the bus. "Please, Whitey," moans Sockeye. "Please, will you give me the key?"

From the seat in front of him, Billy Reay turns around. Reay is the businesslike and sometimes grim Black Hawk coach, and he has not had a good week. The night before, in Boston, he found that both the hotel and plane reservations for the Hawks were fouled up. After much arguing and maneuvering, he has finally gotten his club to Toronto, but now he faces two straight games with the red-hot Maple Leafs. As he turns, it is hard to know how he will take the stunt.

But Reay breaks into laughter, and his laugh told something about the mood of the Black Hawks as they coasted toward the first regular-season championship in their 40-year history. A year ago, as they dropped out of the fight with Montreal

for first place, Reay and his players seemed to be suffering from the jitters. Now they were loose and relaxed—and were performing better than ever. Last year everyone was preoccupied with Bobby Hull's drive toward a record 54 goals. Now the team was playing as a unit—and Hull was a fair bet to break his own record anyway. The gloomy warriors of other seasons were laughing and joking their way toward the title, and comedians like Stapleton and Phil Esposito had become as representative of the club as the superstars, Hull and Mikita. "Sure, we're happy," said Stapleton. "We know we're going to win it, and we know we have the best team."

To many observers, of course, the Hawks have had the best team in the NHL for the last five years. After all, they had the top goal-scorer in Hull, the top defenseman in Pierre Plote, the all-star goalie in Glenn Hall and the best forward line in the Scooters (see cover), a line consisting of Mikita, Kenny Wharram and, during the last three years, Doug Mohns. Yet every March, with the long-awaited championship in sight, the Hawks would collapse. Explanations for this phenomenon have ranged from the mythical Muldoon Jinx—a curse allegedly pronounced by the team's first coach, Pete Muldoon, when he was fired in 1927—to accusations of "choking," but the Hawks tend to explain their past failures in more basic, physical terms.

"There was a simple reason for those late slumps," says Plote, the 35-year-old team captain. "We always depended too much on a few stars. We had to use them a lot and they got worn out. And when the stars got tired the team faded. This season the load is more evenly distributed, so the stars have stayed strong all year long."

Last year the focus on stars was sharper as Bobby Hull sought his record-breaking 51st goal. "I don't think we

continued

concentrated on passing the puck to Bobby as much as some people said we did," says Mikita. "But I guess his try for the record did have some effect, subconsciously at least." Chicago suffered three straight shutouts before Bobby finally got No. 51. "It was exciting," recalls Pilote. "We all wanted to see Bobby make it. But maybe it did keep us from pulling together to win games."

"You should really have only one purpose in mind at a time," adds Mohs. "Last year we were thinking about Bobby as well as winning. This year we have only one thing to worry about—first place. We'll get that, and the records will come by themselves."

The title became reality last Sunday as the Hawks smothered Toronto 5-0, and the records will come in unprecedented numbers. Mikita, the best all-round player in the game, is a cinch to break Hull's record of 97 points (goals plus assists) in a season, he is odds-on to be the league's Most Valuable Player and, what is more, he will win the Lady Byng Trophy for outstanding play with few fouls. The Scooter Line—so named by Reay for its mercurial softness—may well break the record of 226 points set by Detroit's legendary Production Line of Gordie Howe, Norm Ullman and Ted Lindsay in 1956-57. And Hull, who started slowly because of a burnout condition that caused extreme pain in his back every time he climbed over the boards, has scored an amazing 38 goals in his last 38 games.

"But don't go giving all the credit to our line," says Mikita. "Or to Bobby, or to any one individual. This has been a team effort." Hull had said the same thing months earlier when his back was hurting and he wasn't scoring, and the Hawks were somehow staying in a fight for the league lead. "There's a new spirit on this team, a new togetherness. You could feel it right from the start." Bobby himself contributes to that spirit by the mere fact of his presence. He is not a speechmaker and he watches the team's clowning from the sidelines, but his teammates know that with him around their own work is much more likely to be rewarded. He is also a one-man public-relations firm for the Hawks. He doggedly insists on signing every autograph, posing for every picture with everybody's smiling kid and shaking every hand that is shoved in front of him whenever he leaves the rink. Recently reminded of his

early-season statement about the club's spirit, Bobby broke into the broad and handsome grin that has helped make him Chicago's leading folk hero. "I was right, wasn't I?" he said. "The whole team has won this thing together. You can pick out any one of the guys and give him credit."

But you have to start somewhere, and the Scooter Line is as good a place as any. In a Boston hotel room on the night after an easy 5-2 victory Mikita was sitting at the head of his bed, shirt and shoes off and legs stretched out in front of him. Wharram, his roommate, sat down in a wooden rocking chair—a mistake that immediately inspired Mikita, who is 26, to call his 33-year-old right wing "the old man." There was a tub full of beer on a room-service tray near the bed, and every once in a while one of them would get up to open another round. With the next day off, they were unwinding from the evening's efforts.

"You know," said Mikita, "the funny thing is, everybody thinks we're magicians or something, when all we really do is make the obvious plays. We don't do anything unorthodox or surprising. We just keep skating, and each of us knows where the other guys will be."

It began to sound very simple. Just skate—it helps if you can skate as fast as Mikita, Wharram and Mohs—and pass to predetermined spots and then score. Oh, yes, you had better throw in a few thousand hours of practicing and talking about strategy and analyzing mistakes.

To locate one another in the right spots, the Scooters do a lot of yelling on the ice. This probably offers a dim form of comfort to their opponents, since it at least indicates that, for all their machine-like efficiency, they are human. But it also helps them score. As soon as one man gets free for a shot, he shouts the nickname of the man with the puck. Wharram is "Whip," Mikita is "Kita," Mohs is "Mohsie." "If you shout once," says Wharram, "it means you think you have a little time. But if you're in a scramble you yell twice. 'Kita Kita!' Then he knows he has to rush."

Their studied teamwork had been evident throughout that evening's game, and especially on one power play. Mohs had gone into the corner and slapped the puck out to Wharram. Wharram faked a pass to Mikita near the net, then slid it back to Hull at the point. Bobby

gave it to Pilote, and Pilote finally got it to Mikita in front. End of overture. Mikita took over. He made one fake, then paused as Bruin Goalie Ed Johnston lunged forward. Another fake and Johnston was off balance. Then Mikita fired a shot under the goalie's legs into the net. "I think," Mikita admitted, "it was as good a goal as I've scored all year." It had been his 30th, and the 77th for members of his line.

The Scooters like to describe their success in terms of group effort—and that is certainly the main factor. But it also happens that these are three brilliant individual players. Mikita can do everything very well, and some things—stickhandling and playmaking—better than anyone else. He is also a fierce competitor and a leader. Now in his eighth full season with Chicago, he says, "I'm a better hockey player than I've ever been."

Wharram is not as smooth a stickhandler, but he is very fast and has a hard, accurate shot. Mohs, the most recent addition to the line, is the heaviest of the three—175 pounds compared to 163 for Wharram and 161 for Mikita—and adds checking power. Because he was a defenseman during most of the 11 years he played with Boston, people tend to think of him as a weak scorer. Weak scorer Mohs has already put in 23 goals and ranks among the league's top 10.

When he was traded to Chicago in 1964, Mohs was supposed to play defense. But he suffered several injuries, and when he was ready to play Reay was undecided where to use him. Mikita and Wharram suggested that Mohs join them. He began playing left wing, but he was still thinking defensively. "Sometimes we would rush up and make a pass to Mohsie's side," says Wharram, "and he would be moving back. I'd ask why, and he'd say that we had left an opposing forward free and he wanted to buck us up. He would be right, of course—but that's cautious hockey, the kind you see in Stanley Cup playoffs. It's not really our regular style."

Soon Mohs adjusted. "Playing with strange linemates," he says, "you tend to hesitate. You don't want to get caught out of position, and sometimes you have to forfeit scoring chances. But the more I get to know Stan and Whip, the more I sense their moves and go with them. Now my contribution to the line is less

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defensive, and I'm scoring more goals."

Mikita, although he is an exceptional forechecker, too, says, "We're not a checking line, we're a forcing line. We make the plays and let the other guys worry about checking in."

Recently the Hawks faced the last series of games that could possibly be considered a challenge to their right to first place. They played four in five nights, one with the second-place New York Rangers, one with lowly Boston and then two with the Maple Leafs, who were undefeated in nine straight and at that time the most dangerous opponent in the league. Chicago led the league by 11 points going into the week and could have lost a few without worrying much. But losses would have stirred up the annual suspicions. Were they tiring? Choking? Or—potently ridiculous but often whispered—were Mikita and Hull resentful of one another? Was the team jealous of Hull? Could the best team in hockey manage to collapse once more?

The questions never came up. The Black Hawks beat New York 6-1 as Hull scored three goals. They routed the Bruins. They played badly in Toronto and lost 3-0, but they came back the following night to defeat the Leafs 5-2 in one of their best games of the year. "This first-place business has been like a monkey on our back," sighed Plute, "Every year people accuse us of being the best team and losing. Well, maybe we weren't the best team then. Maybe we didn't have the balance or all-round ability to finish first. But now we are the best, and we're finally proving to everybody that we can win a championship. It feels good to get it over with."

It feels especially good to Tommy Ivan, the general manager who came to Chicago in 1954, when the Hawks were buried in last place, and began building the farm system that has produced Hull, Mikita and most of the other members of the present club. It took four years before the results were visible and the Black Hawks finally made the playoffs. But since then the Hawks, who finished as high as fourth only once in the previous 12 years, have been in the playoffs eight straight times, winning one Stanley Cup. "There is nothing like bringing up your players through your own system so they know what you expect of them," Ivan says. The few times Ivan has ventured

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NO FOLLO *continued*

outside his organization, he has traded for men like Hall and Mohns. And this year as the Hawks finally achieved the one goal that had always eluded them, Ivan has made smart moves.

As the season opened, Chicago appeared to have two weaknesses. One was the third line, where Dennis Hull, Bobby's strong but inexperienced younger brother, and the venerable Eric Nesterenko needed a top center to play between them. The other was in goal, where the master, Glenn Hall, had retired, and the newcomer, Denis DeJordy, was rated as very good, but perhaps not quite good enough for a championship club.

Ivan solved the center problem by luring Bill Hay out of retirement. Hay, an educated young man with a good job in Calgary, had quit hockey last spring at age 30. But after 12 weeks of this season he was back in Chicago. What made him change his mind? "First place," he said, and broke into a grin. "No, actually, the club was just very persistent, and I was able to get a leave from my job. Now that I am back I really do enjoy finishing first." Hay, a good skater and stickhandler, has rounded out the solid third line that the Black Hawks lacked in the past, and Dennis Hull has scored 18 goals with the powerful shot that is modeled after Bobby's.

It was probably more difficult—and certainly more expensive—to induce Hall to make a comeback. But Ivan did it, and now he has the best and the most unusual goaltending combination of all. Hall, 35, has the perpetually sour expression of a menial office worker who hates his job; actually he is a brilliant hockey player who hates his job. "Enjoy this?" he says. "Are you kidding? I'm around here for one reason and that's the money." He gets sick before each game and occasionally wakes up from naps to find himself kicking out at imaginary flying pucks. But now that he plays only half as much, he is even better than before.

DeJordy, who takes care of the other half, is a smiling, witty 28-year-old with a round face and crew cut in the Gump Worsley style. Last year he and Reay had a disagreement about his future. "I was sitting on the bench here, and my value was standing still," he says. "Nobody saw me. So I asked to be sent down to St. Louis. The bosses thought it was a mistake, but I insisted. I don't know how much I improved at St. Louis last year, but at least I was sure that NHL people

continued



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NO FOLDS continued

wouldn't forget what I can do." Delordy can do almost everything Hull does, and since he is younger and more enthusiastic, he will undoubtedly be the goalie the Hawks protect this year in the expansion draft.

From the goal out to Mikita and Hull, from Ivan down to Sockeye Uren, the Hawks have it all. And when they put it all together—as they did in the win over Toronto that virtually wrapped up the title—it is hard to imagine them finishing anywhere but first for the next few years. On one play in the third period Mikita carried the puck into Toronto's zone. The Leafs, as is their custom, held and jostled every Hawk that came near them. Ron Ellis clutched Mikita; Stan slipped away. Wharram took the puck and was cross-checked by Brian Conacher. "Whip, Whip," yelled Mikita, and Wharram fed him the puck. Allan Stanley creamed Stan, and a penalty finally was called. But the whistle wouldn't stop the action until the Leafs broke up the play—and the Scooter Line wasn't about to let the play end. For 45 seconds they controlled the puck, shutting it tantalizingly along the boards. Finally, Mikita fired the puck to Bobby Hull, who had come on the ice when the penalty was signaled. From directly in front, Hull drilled in a low shot for one of the finest goals a team could produce.

After the victory Reaychordled, "We're in now." Outside his office the locker-room scene was typically boisterous. Stapleton and Pilote needed Van Impe, who had hurt his knee in the game but did not want to be carried out on any stretchers. Jarrett and Dennis Hull exchanged Tarzan yells. A few players declined Espino's invitation to join him in a pheasant hunt. "I don't know why," Espino said. "I'm a very good hunter. As soon as something moves I shoot."

Through the knots of carefree and laughing players moved Sockeye Uren, wiping skate blades and then hanging the skates on hooks above each locker, forming a neat symmetrical row around the room. Everything was in order around the Black Hawks—the NHL champions-to-be. "You know," Stan Mikita was saying as he left the room, "I don't think I've ever enjoyed this game as much as I have this year." Said General Manager Ivan: "I've been with losing teams and winning ones, and I'll say this, winning is an awful lot more fun."

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NOISY CHASE DISCREETLY DONE

A fancy front-runner wins greyhound racing's richest event at Miami's Flagler track amid the kind of pomp and circumstance that has produced a new surge of popularity for the sport **by ROBERT BOYLE**

At 15 minutes before midnight Saturday Ray Randle, a tall and taciturn greyhound man, stood woozily on the terrace of the executive wing of the Flagler Dog Track in Miami. None of the 8,700 fans at the track felt worse. Earlier that day Randle had been in bed with the flu, but, as he put it, "I'da come to the track tonight on a stretcher," for he had two starters, Copier and Discreetly, in the 12th and final event of the night, the \$80,000 International Classic, the richest race in dogdom.

Randle stood quite still for the 37.44 seconds that it took eight of the best greyhounds in the country to cover 1,940 feet on the track at "Fabulous Flagler," and then suddenly he felt much better. Thanks to Discreetly, he now had a personal role in the pageantry of the awards ceremony that the fine Flagler mounds had concocted. There was an actual script: HOUSE LIGHTS UP TRACK LIGHTS OUT SPOTLIGHT PICKS UP WINNING GREYHOUND as he returns to take a bow in front of presentation platform wearing International Classic blanket which is placed upon him at Paddock entrance before . . .

And there was Discreetly, a nice-enough-looking hound, panting happily under that fancy blanket, while all manner of beauty queens and tuxedoed gentry served as a backdrop.

Eighty thousand dollars may seem like a lot of money to lavish on a dog race, but not when the sport's soaring attendance and betting figures are considered. Last year admissions at the 34 tracks in seven states totaled a record \$11 million plus, and the pari-mutuel handle was nearly half a billion dollars. In Florida the 16 greyhound tracks dominate pari-mutuel betting. In 1966 the state's dog tracks handled \$255 million—\$76 million more than the Thoroughbreds.

The sport is a modern one, but the breed is ancient. Excavations in Mesopotamia date the greyhound back to 5000 B.C. The breed is mentioned in the Bible (Proverbs 30:29-31), by King Solomon who said, "There be three things which go well, yea . . . are comely in going: . . . a greyhound, an he goat also, and a king against whom there is no rising up." The pharaohs of Egypt used the greyhound to chase hares, and Rameses II and Cleopatra are supposed to have been among its dedicated fan-

ciers. The Romans brought greyhounds to the British Isles, where the dogs became the special favorites of the aristocracy. Greyhounds were introduced into the U.S. in numbers in the 19th Century, when they were used to chase jackrabbits and coyotes on the plains, and Kansas still ranks today as the center of U.S. greyhound breeding.

For years coursing enthusiasts believed that greyhounds, which pursue their quarry by sight, would chase only live game, but in 1919 an Arkansas promoter named O. P. Smith devised a wheeled contraption that chugged around a track towing an artificial rabbit. The lure was first put into operation in Emeryville, Calif. The dogs went after it, but the track failed because betting was not allowed.

Smith went to Tulsa—betting was allowed there—and then he moved to Florida where a dog track was opened in 1922 at Hialeah on the site of the present horse track. Other dog tracks followed including an opulent one built in Miami Beach by Tex Rickard. Smith, who died in 1929, never saw the Miami Beach track, even though he lived in Miami. A fortune teller once told him he would *enrichment*

DISCREETLY (NO. 4) BEATS THE INTERNATIONAL FIELD AT THE START (ABOVE) AND HAS THE CHASE TO HIMSELF IN THE STRETCH TURN

die crossing a body of water, and he refused to risk Biscayne Bay.

During the '20s dog-racing conditions were crude, and so were some of the enthusiasts, most notably Al Capone. Gangster interest in greyhounds gave the sport an unsavory air, and it took a long time for it to sanitize its image. "It's an unfair rap against greyhound racing," says one dogman. "Those guys were interested in a lot of things, including horses and fighters. But greyhound racing always got blamed."

In the '20s, tracks were put up with the understanding that public officials would look the other way—which made the very act of opening one a stimulating gamble. A 1926 Miami newspaper headline asked, BISCAYNE TRACK SCHEDULED TO OPEN TOMORROW? Biscayne did open, but only five of eight races were run the first day, because a big tomato got tangled up in the motor of the lure.

If a sheriff did make a move to close down a track, the custom was for the operator to ask the judge for an immediate injunction against the action. The judge would grant the injunction, then take a vacation until the meet was over. Tracks often were raided. "It could get pretty perilous," says Bill Ewalt, long an owner-trainer. "In some towns you had to be faster than your dogs to get your kennel cages out of town ahead of the law. If you ran second, they had their own kind of cage for you." Another veteran owner, F. B. Stutz, says, "Dog racing used to be in disrepute. Before my daughter got married, she told her fiancé, 'Promise me you'll never go into the dog-racing business.' People actually were ashamed of being in it. I always felt like apologizing for it, myself." Now that dog racing has become, as its boosters call it, the sport of queens, Stutz, a thoughtful sort who reads Spinoza, William James and Chekhov, sort of bankers for the old days. "The camaraderie is gone today," he says. "It's a business, strictly a business."

There have been two significant landmarks in dog racing's long march back to respectability. The first came in 1931 when Florida—soon to be followed by Massachusetts and some other heavily populated states—legalized betting. The next came in 1948 with the introduction of the automatic "self-grading" system. This was devised by Tom Benner, di-

rector of racing at Flagler, and it is now standard, with slight variations, at other tracks in the U.S. The system is simplicity itself, and it gives betters the assurance that no dog competing in a race is a ringer and that all the dogs are of the same caliber. There are six classifications for the dogs, A, B, C, D, E and maiden. A dog that wins a maiden race is moved up to compete against class D dogs. From there on, the dog moves up or down, depending on how he finishes. If the dog is really a "dog," he drops into class E. If he fails to finish first, second, third or fourth in four E starts, he is barred from racing at the meeting.

Flagler is not the biggest dog track in the country, but it is generally held to be the classiest. It stands for what greyhound tracks are coming to be: a very nice place to go broke in record time. The man responsible for Flagler's class, and a lot of the upgrading of dog racing, is the track's owner, Isadore (Issie) Hecht, a pink and pleasant Kewpie doll who also happens to be chairman of the board of the West Indies Fruit Company.

Actually, his forte is bananas, and he can talk about bananas for hours. He can also talk about dogs and has all sorts of ideas on how more and more people can be enticed to go to the dogs. At one meeting of the American Greyhound Track Operators Association, a fellow owner jumped up, pointed at Issie and shouted, "I'm not going to let a damn banana peddler tell me how to run my track." He probably should, however, because Hecht knows lots of businesses. He is the head of a syndicate building a \$7 million post office in Los Angeles and is the big man in another group that is constructing one of the largest apartment complexes in the South.

Hecht and some associates bought Flagler for \$2.5 million in 1953. The track's average annual handle was \$14 million, and Issie thought there was room for improvement. He started by tearing down the old plant and putting in a new one. He added a clubhouse, a restaurant and a lavish room for private parties. All told, he put almost \$7 million back into Flagler, and the investment is paying off well. The handle should exceed \$30 million this year and is expected to reach \$35 million in 1968. The track

is now formally called Fabulous Flagler and is always billed as The Nation's Greyhound Showplace. The clubhouse food is superb, equal to the best in Miami. Track police were once assigned to watch a man who disappeared every night after dinner. They followed him to a jai alai game. It turned out he just liked the food at Flagler. Even the dogs under guard in the "lock out" room before a race are coddled. Incidental music is piped in to soothe their nerves. A closed-circuit TV camera keeps an eye on the room, and guards stand outside to make sure no one slips a greyhound a loaded hamburger.

Hecht has done so well with Flagler that when a make-believe oil derrick was being erected last week as an infield decoration for the International Classic—the event was honoring an old trainer, Arch DeGeer, and the first greyhound derby, which was held in Oklahoma 46 years ago—a trainer remarked, "Issie will probably strike oil."

But come Saturday night it was Ray Randle who struck it rich. Copier, in the No. 2 box, was the favorite at 3 to 2. Randle's other entry, Discreetly, in the 4 box, was 9 to 2, the fourth choice in the field of eight. Standing next to Randle at racetime was Ken Hutchings, whose Cleve Commel was a primary contender at 8 to 5. Cleve Commel has stamina but, unfortunately for Hutchings, his dog had drawn box No. 8, the outside post position.

The mechanical rabbit moved down the track toward the starting box. "There goes Speedy," intoned the track announcer. As the rabbit sped past the starting box the flip-top doors snapped open and the dogs burst onto the sand in pursuit. Discreetly, known for his early speed, broke first. Copier was third, and Cleve Commel was fifth. As the field headed into the first turn, Discreetly clung to the rail, going 40 mph after the rabbit. Randle's wife, Helen, who was seated nearby on the terrace, shouted, "I don't know what I was shouting," she recalled, "but everyone turned around to look at me." Randle was impassive as Discreetly sailed into the grandstand straightaway five lengths in front of the pack. He said later he was surprised to see the dog out in front, but all he could think of was Cleve Commel, now running a strong third. In the

far stretch Discreetly hung on as Cleve Commel began to move up. As they rounded the far turn and came to the stretch, Discreetly was four lengths ahead of Cleve Commel, and all Randle can remember thinking is, "Well, anyway, he broke in front, and that's what he had to do." Only when Discreetly flashed past the wire two and a half lengths in front did Randle believe that he had won. Hutchings grabbed him and said, "I couldn't beat you."

For winning, Discreetly earned \$25,000, which Randle will split 65-35 with Glen Garverick, the owner. Randle had leased Discreetly and Copter from Garverick when the dogs were six months old. Garverick is a breeder in Ocala, Fla., but the sport of greyhound racing has grown so complicated that it is now customary for a breeder to pay attention only to breeding and rent out his dogs to a man like Randle who campaigns on the tracks.

Randle's share of the proceeds, \$16,250, will go back into dogs, for greyhounds are his only interest. Until 10 years ago he was partners in a greyhound-breeding business with two of his brothers. They had a 160-acre breeding farm near Wichita, but they broke up and went on their own when the state rammed a turnpike through their property. While together, the Randle brothers handled Real Huntsman, one of the best greyhounds of all time and holder of the American record for consecutive wins 27.

With a little luck, Discreetly could break the alltime greyhound earning record of \$97,000, which is held by Mrs. Whirl. Only two years old last week, Discreetly is a young dog to have won so rich a prize as the International Classic. He has already earned \$34,000 in his six months of racing and this week he goes against Be Brave, the winner of last Saturday's Derby Lane Classic at St. Petersburg, in a best-of-three match for \$10,000, winner take all. If Discreetly remains sound, he can race until he is almost 5, and then will be put out to stud.

Not that Ray Randle worries about how Discreetly's luck will run—or his own. He prefers just to count the winnings and stick to the dogs. "I'm a fraud," he says, "that it would be bad luck for me to be superstitious."

END



THE WINNER is held at gala awards ceremony by panel judge and voted upon by (from left) Mrs. Randle, Mr. and Mrs. Hecht, Ray Randle, Arch DeGeer and Fabulous Flagler's quoter.

THE LAST HOPE OF AN ANCIENT TRADITION

One day when Asaji Kutsuzawa (right) was 16 he wandered deep into the woods

behind his village of Momuro-gawa in Japan's Tohoku district. There he came upon the hut of a charcoal maker who was also a great falconer. Young Kutsuzawa became the old man's disciple and quickly mastered the art of falconry. It became his life, and through the years Kutsuzawa, now 71, has trained more than 40 hawk eagles—large birds with wingspans of 64 inches. In addition to being Kutsuzawa's great pleasure, falconry has also been a major source of his income. In the days before World War II he earned enough from the sale of skins of game captured by his bird to provide for his family. But where once he could bag 400 hares, foxes and badgers in a season, today he gets only about 20 hares and an occasional fox or badger. There is still the thrill of the hunt, however, and the disappointment that Kutsuzawa felt when his son showed little interest in the birds has been tempered by the enthusiasm his grandson Kunio has for the sport. Falconry is said to have begun in Japan with the first emperor, Jimmu. "The long tradition is often in my mind," says Kutsuzawa. And he hopes that Kunio will keep it alive.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY T. TANUMA







In the orchard before the snipe season and the hunting begins, Asaji Kutsuzawa and his grandson-disciple, Kunio, train their falcon. On the mountain (left) the weak bird—purposely starved to make it tractable—can only fly downhill to the old man, who holds out a piece of meat as bait. In the paddies (below) the falcon flies level from one to the other.





The Old Man, the Boy and the Bird

About the man, Asaji Kutsuzawa, and the bird he carried on his gauntleted forearm there was an aura of strength, a fierce yet unspoken inner pride and courage. Beneath his conical hat Kutsuzawa wore a cotton towel wrapped around his forehead—the mark of a working farmer. He was dressed in heavy layers of simple, indigo-dyed cotton homespun—a short kimono, rough pantaloons with puttees encircling his calves. His feet were bare except for the straw sandals he had tied around his ankles. Across his insteps were the bindings for bamboo rings that served as snowshoes. Although his feet were partially exposed to the snow, the old man said he never felt the cold. Hanging down his back was a dogskin that stanchied the wind. From his belt dangled a small wooden box filled with lean strips of hare meat.

Kunio, the grandson, followed along, in time with the old man's pace. Kunio was dressed in a modern sweater, pants and jacket but wore the traditional bamboo snowshoes. Kutsuzawa carried in his right hand a three-foot wooden paddle, with which he measured his step as he glided across the top of the snow, leaving soft indentations.

Fubuki (Blizzard), the 9-year-old falcon, clung to the old man's gauntleted arm, its proud head erect and its feathers sparkling in the white light. The bird wore no hood; it knows its master and the demands of the hunt and it will not fly away. There was a silent nobility of man, bird and boy as the trio gracefully moved through the snow. The preparation of the bird for the hunt had been elaborate and arduous. At the beginning of November, after a summer of gorging on the meat of rats, snakes and chickens, the bird was removed from the cage and placed in a dark box for 20 days without food. It was given only water every two days. The process is called *haragoshihane*—literally, stomach adjustment. At the end of the fast a chunk of meat (about three-quarters of a pound) was softened in water and given to the bird on the evening of

the 20th day. Then another week went by with only water. At the end of seven days the rich red meat was again fed the falcon. The fasting period was reduced to five days, then to three. At the start of the fast there was a hard lump in the stomach of the bird, which could be felt by the falconer. As the fasting process progressed, the lump was reduced, and when it disappeared the bird was ready to hunt.

On the day of the hunt this feeding process became crucial. Now Kutsuzawa's years of patience and skill were tested. In the morning the falcon received a quarter of a pound of meat. Determining how much to feed the falcon before the hunt is to determine the outcome of the hunt. If the bird is given too much meat he may become capricious and fail to attack his prey with the proper élan. Given too little food, the falcon will tire quickly, and after five or six strikes become too weak to continue the hunt. Because its strength is controlled, the falcon cannot soar but can only swoop down on the prey. The bird has no problem attacking through thickets and heavy undergrowth, but must attack from high ground to low.

The old man knows the habits of the hares in the hills beyond the Mamuro River. He and Kunio look to the grassy hillsides in November, then in December to where the plains meet the forests. As the snows deepen in January they move farther into the forest, then deeper still, to the places where there is sunshine and little wind.

On this day the boy and his grandfather moved past the snow-covered fields and across the concrete bridge over the Mamuro River, its banks covered with ice. As they climbed the ridge beyond the village only the snow-laden pines and the shadows of trees on the snow lay before them. The ridge line was clean except for scattered bushes and an occasional chestnut tree, stripped of its burr-covered nuts by the winter winds. The air was crisp, below freezing, but the bright sun played in the clouds and there was clean stillness. There were no tracks of

hares or badgers, foxes or weasels—no sign of life, only the unblemished snow. Yet the hawk eagle saw the hare. The bird tensed, digging its talons into the old man's wrist. Kutsuzawa waited only a second, then he released the heavy cords with which he held Fubuki's talons. The falcon swooped away in a great burst of speed, a beating of wings and then a sharp, straight glide. The attack is rarely direct. The falcon slightly overshoots the target, flapping its wings with fury and stunning the victim. Then Fubuki lunged with one set of talons at the underbelly of the hare. As the hare raised its head in pain and surprise the falcon's other talons grasped the head and pinned the hare to the snow. With a wild, primeval cry, *pur, pur, pur*, the hawk eagle announced his triumph. The falconer trundled down the slope with his paddle, the smooth stride of search broken by the thrill of capture and the old man's anxiety to reach the bird before it devoured the rabbit. The falcon's cry was harsh—a cry of pride and fulfillment. "When the falcon starts calling out for me to hurry over I almost become dizzy with excitement—just like a boy," said Kutsuzawa, his high brow furrowed in thought, a slight smile crossing his face.

Atop the quivering brown hare, the falcon ceased its cry and began the victory feast, methodically ripping away at the hare's fur. As the falconer neared, the bird lifted its head, and the old man tapped his wooden feedbox, which was slung from his black obi, the wide waistband that held his kimono jacket in place. He opened the box, lifted a finger-size shred of meat and offered it to the bird. Fubuki grabbed it in his beak, then chomped it down eagerly. While the falcon ate, Kutsuzawa dislodged the hare from the falcon's claws (*left*), slowly and carefully working it free from the vise-like grip. He placed the hare in his game bag and offered the falcon another small morsel of meat before they moved back up to the ridge line and on toward the horizon to continue their hunt.

—JERROLD SCHRIER

PART 3 MY FRIEND ARNOLD PALMER

by MARK H. McCORMACK

HIDDEN BATTLES, SUBTLE FOES

The cigarette was almost his trademark and the PGA runs his sport, but Palmer has had epic conflicts with both. Fighting one endangered his golf, and concern with the other nearly changed the pro game

Certain controversies in recent years have struck to the core of American family life: How Do You Build a Bomb Shelter Without the Neighbors Finding Out? Should Annual Haircuts Be Required for Boys? Can a Beagle Enjoy Being Lifted by the Ears? But for the true gut issue, the one that has set more people squinting into more bathroom mirrors more mornings, nothing can approach: To Smoke or Not to Smoke? For Arnold Palmer the problem proved to be three times more complicated than for most people.

By the time the Surgeon General's report came out in January 1964 advancing the coffin-nail concept of cigarettes, Arnold had reached the status of being a kind of angel of the fairways, complete with a halo of L&M smoke. The cigarette was part of the Palmer image. You can see him now, holding it to his lips for a hard drag, flinging it down with that little extra bit of fierceness that he brings to so many gestures—and then reaching for his three-wood to go for the green when any sane man would have layed up short of the water with a four-iron. Yes, the cigarette was part of it.

For as long as I had known Arnold he had been a steady smoker, a two-pack-a-day man. He would never go on a golf course for either a practice round or a competitive round without a pack, and I don't imagine he ever played more than two holes in a row without lighting at least one cigarette. Any decision to stop

smoking had to be a big one for him.

One thing that seemed likely to help was that Arnold had never been a contented smoker. He used to make comments to the effect that he almost hated himself for smoking so much, that cigarettes did not taste that good to him, that food did not taste very good and that he felt cigarettes had something of a hold on him. Knowing Arnold, I am sure that one thing which seriously troubled him about his smoking was the thought that he could not control it. His personality does not take kindly to the notion that he, Arnold Palmer, cannot govern something that he himself is doing. He shows this on the golf course all the time. If a shot can be hit—that is, if the physical possibility exists that it can be hit successfully—then Arnold is going to try it. If it made sense to quit smoking, Arnold would just quit smoking. That's all there was to it. But it did not make sense to stop, or at least it did not become an issue in Arnold's mind, until the Surgeon General's report.

The furor that followed the report's release seemed to offer Arnold reason enough to stop smoking. For one thing, he had long had trouble with colds, inflamed ears and sinus difficulties. Cutting out smoking might help those problems, to say nothing of the advantages of not dropping dead immediately of lung cancer, heart disease, etc. So, without ever saying anything about it, Arnold worked up some steam on the subject.

Late in January 1964 he was ready for the big decision. He missed the cut at the Crosby, went to San Francisco to have his sinuses drained and ended up betting the doctor—who was a heavy cigar smoker, himself—\$500 that he could quit for a year. That night Arnold formally smoked "the last cigarette of my life."

I am a nonsmoker, and the event did not seem momentous to me, one way or the other, at the time. Now I know better. For the next two years the golf world saw a different Arnold Palmer. So did I.

Between that Crosby tournament and the Masters in April I was not with Arnold very much. But the few times I did see him were enough to convince me that he was having a tough time. He looked jumpy over his putts, not the steady Palmer of old. And he confessed as much. "I'm just going through a particular stage," he said then. "Believe me, I'm sleeping better at night, food tastes great and I feel great. I'm going to be strong and steady on my putts in no time."

I believed him, of course.

I also noticed that Arnold was eating more than usual. He did not change his diet, he simply began eating more. Arnold has never been a fancy diner, and not a snacker. A typical meal would be a shrimp cocktail, a tossed salad with Roquefort dressing and a New York-cut steak, medium rare, with a baked potato and sour cream and chives. Then ice cream (parfaits are the thing this year) or pie for dessert. Now, without ciga-

rettes, he would add a bowl of soup, a second baked potato and often another half a steak.

I think that in the first six months after he quit smoking he gained 15 to 20 pounds. And after only three months I, for one, thought he had become a better golfer. This was when he won the 1964 Masters very impressively, shooting 276 and running off from the field by six strokes. It was his fourth Masters title, more than any golfer had ever won, and his victory was so convincing that I could not imagine cigarettes would bother him again.

By June he looked to me like the best bet to win a U.S. Open I have ever seen. He felt good, he was hitting the ball perfectly and he was full to the top of his T-shirts with confidence. This was the Open played at Congressional in Washington. Palmer's first two rounds were 68-69, good enough to place him only one stroke behind the leader, Tommy Jacobs. There was no doubt in the mind of Arnold, Winnie or myself on the night before the 36-hole final that Arnold would win. We had dinner together that evening at a Chevy Chase inn, and I remember that we discussed a lot of business topics and sort of planned Arnold's schedule for the rest of the year, half assuming that he had won the Open.

But it was not going to be. The next day Arnold played indifferently, and Ken Venturi came on to win in the incredible heat. Arnold tied for fifth. He was extremely disappointed, and he had no explanation for his performance. "It wasn't the heat," he said, and I agreed. Arnold has always been a good hot-weather golfer, the hotter the better, really. Somehow he had lost his concentration.

He sort of lapsed into a depression after that. He played well, but the luck had gone, and I mean two kinds of luck. One kind is the good things that work for you, and the other kind is the good things that don't work for your opponents. Right after that U.S. Open, Arnold lost a playoff to Tony Lema for the Cleveland Open. Then he shot a bad final round at Whitemarsh to wind up third behind Jack Nicklaus and Gary Player. He made a fine run at the PGA Championship in Columbus but finished second, tied with Jack Nicklaus behind Bobby Nichols.

That September we filmed several matches for *Big Three Golf*, and when

continued



Nicklaus beat Arnold badly things started coming to a head. Palmer had won \$110,743 in nine months—which made him the leading money-winner so far that year—but he was not winning tournaments and, as everybody knows, he feasts on victories. I would ask him if the smoking, or rather the nonsmoking, was bothering him, and he would tell me, "Absolutely not, Mark." No cigarette was going to push him around. But he had begun to wonder, just as we all had, and he was discouraged. Here was Gary bouncing along talking about raisins and wheat germ and looking so insufferably healthy, and here was Jack with that little-boy smile and the enthusiasm that being 24 and near the top would give anyone. And here was Arnold kind of reaching for his pocket all the time and wondering what in the name of L&M had gone wrong.

After the *Big Three* TV matches Arnold, Winnie and I flew to London for the Carreras Piccadilly World Match Play Championship, a tournament that I founded. We met with some Carreras executives, and toward the end of the evening I announced I was going to have a cigarette and begin smoking since everybody else seemed to be giving it up. With that, I tried a Piccadilly Filter. There was a lot of joking about how Arnold would never have quit if he had smoked good cigarettes in the first place. Arnold very proudly went into his history as a smoker, and the Carreras people smiled politely and seemed sympathetic. Then Arnold said maybe he guessed just one Carreras cigarette wouldn't hurt anything, since this was sort of an occasion, so to speak, and he had never smoked one. He was joking, everyone assumed. Winnie gave Arnold a look, and there was a moment of silence.

"Well, if Mark can smoke, so can I," said Arnold, and he lit his first cigarette in months. Everyone laughed and congratulated him, except Winnie. He puffed on it and sat back, rather too contentedly, I thought at the time, and said, "See, it doesn't affect me at all. And if you'll pardon me, they don't really taste very good." They tasted so bad that before he went to bed he had another one. Shortly after that a check was mailed to the doctor in San Francisco, and every now and then I get a mental picture of him sitting in his den in a cloud of cigar smoke savoring his victory over Arnold Palmer.

Palmer vs. The Weed now entered its

rule-making phase, one that is all too familiar to the several million people who have shared Arnold's resolve—and its wavering. He never really spelled it out, but he decided that he would not smoke while he was in the U.S. This was especially advantageous, since we were about to leave London for a very brief layover in the U.S. and then go on an extended overseas tour.

The first foreign stop was the Wills Masters in Melbourne, which is sponsored by W.D. & H.O. Wills Ltd., and if you want to ask if that happens to be a tobacco firm, the answer is yes. During the evenings in Australia, Arnold was smoking a few cigarettes after dinner, but I did not kid him about it. There is, after all, a point in the client-attorney relationship when it is polite to remember who is the client. Arnold would just quietly light up an after-dinner cigarette and the conversation would go on uninterrupted. As we headed north for Tokyo he kept smoking. But finally we had to come home.

"You know what?" he said to me in Tokyo. "When I get back to the U.S. I'm really not going to smoke anymore. Really."

I nodded.

"I may not even have one tomorrow," he said.

I said O.K.

"Damn it, I mean it," he said, and he was angry.

This, you see, was an important and complex issue in Palmer's life, and a lot more factors were involved than just the effect on his golf. One of the reasons Arnold's decision to give up smoking caused such a stir was that millions of people knew him as a devout smoker. The press never wrote about Arnold's smoking habits—why should it?—but the multitudes who watched the television coverage of the Masters, the U.S. Open, the PGA and other events associated Palmer with smoking, because he was always tossing that cigarette down before hitting a shot. In addition, there had been some extremely well-done TV commercials and magazine advertisements of Arnold smoking his favorite brand, L&M.

Historically Arnold has never been one to endorse a product that he did not believe in. So it was with L&M. He was first approached by the Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co. in April 1960, after he won the Masters. The L&M people had seen

Arnold puffing up a storm on TV, and they were well aware that all of that lovely smoke was their own. Ad men have a way of sniffing such things out. L&M signed Arnold for some commercials, and this began one of the most pleasant business relationships Arnold has ever had. He was right for the product, and the product was right for him. One result—and this is by no means a necessary result in such circumstances—was a set of striking L&M ads. You may remember some of them. They were on the back covers of *Time* and *Life* and on billboards. One in particular showed Arnold and his caddy standing with a bag of clubs. All the ad said was: "When a cigarette means a lot." It was a pretty subtle campaign, because Arnold's name was never mentioned. The agency and L&M were counting on everybody knowing his face.

At the same time there was an especially good TV commercial in this series. It, too, was soft sell, showing Arnold exhaling some smoke and walking up toward a green. I am sure all of this was selling L&M cigarettes, and it was also selling Palmer—which I much approved. There was just one thing wrong. A lot of nonsmokers took offense, and Arnold has always been acutely conscious of his role as a public figure. He does not like to be open to criticism.

As the L&M ads continued, Arnold began getting letters from a varied assortment of nonsmokers. Some were crackpots, plain and simple, accusing Arnold of aiding the Communists by leading our nation down the road to lung cancer. But others were from teachers and doctors and mothers, serious-minded people who felt that Arnold was hurting his own career and setting a bad example, especially for youngsters. Letters arrived like this one from an Arizona junior high school principal:

Dear Arnold:

You will likely go down in history as the greatest golfer of all time. It is too bad that you may also go down in history as the man who started more young people smoking than any other person.

As a result, Arnold told me late in 1963 that he would not do any more advertising of tobacco products—and he has not. He said he hoped nobody would ever notice his decision, because he did not want to hurt L&M, but the adverse

continued



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OVER 100 YEARS LEADERSHIP IN LUBRICATION
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must have gotten to be too much for him.

By the time of the 1964 Masters there had been considerable publicity about Arnold giving up smoking, and this bothered him, again because of his great loyalty to L&M. "I'm embarrassed for them," he told me after he won that Masters and was being written about as the big-name athlete who had successfully beaten the tobacco habit. Arnold's conscience had gotten itself into one of those damned-if-you-do and damned-if-you-don't situations.

When we returned from our overseas trips in late 1964 Arnold made his next cigarette rule: no smoking in public. And now the problem became really serious. He was smoking steadily again, but not on a golf course during a tournament. He did not want people, and especially youngsters, to see him smoking. This meant that when he needed a cigarette most—during a competitive round—he would not take one. I will always believe that cigarettes, pure and simple, were responsible for his 1965 season, which must be regarded as his worst. But Arnold would never agree with this. Instead, he blamed everything else. I would receive a phone call from him and right away he would tell me, "I can't understand it. I've just got to get rid of all this business involvement so I can concentrate on my golf. I never used to think about all these business things. I'm sick of it. I used to blot these things out when I got on a golf course, but now they follow me around."

Perhaps, but I have a different theory. I think Arnold's business worries were merely filling a void. His concentration was being destroyed not by the intrusion of business thoughts but by his inability to smoke when his system most needed a cigarette. As with anybody, once his concentration was gone, other thoughts came flooding in.

By the Carling World Open in August 1965 Arnold was in trouble. The boldness seemed to have gone out of him, the snap. Golf was a labor. The PGA Championship, which was played on Arnold's home course in Ligonier, had been a travesty for Palmer right down to that absurd incident of the marshal moving a railing out of the way of Arnold's ball while Arnold stood there with a sly grin on his face instead of figuring out—as he full well knew—that moving the railing would cost him a two-stroke penalty. His putting, that vital part of the game where

concentration is most necessary, was either indifferent, bad or awful, depending on the day. It was time for a change.

At the 1965 Carling, Arnold smoked his first cigarette in tournament play since the 1964 Crosby. It had been 19 testing months. I do not think there was any dramatic decision about it, any momentous struggle with the soul. I know Arnold better than that. I think he just said to hell with it. He figured the year was spoiled anyway, and that maybe people did not care that much about what he did anymore. For a couple of months the press had been ignoring him. For the first time in six years he might have had the feeling he was just another touring pro and that what he did was not going to be that meaningful. He resumed smoking whenever and wherever he felt like it and was shortly a two-pack-a-day man once again.

By this time I am not sure his smoking mattered all that much to his followers. It had been almost two years since the Surgeon General's report and, like Arnold, the public had resolved its own battle with nicotine, win, lose or try a pipe. Cigarette packages, by law, carried the message, "Caution: Cigarette Smoking May Be Hazardous to Your Health," but this was still tobacco country.

A few weeks after the 1966 Crosby, Arnold received a letter from an Ohio tuberculosis association director: "Dear Arnold," it went. "I was disappointed to learn..."

Arnold is disappointed, too, but a large part of his appeal is that he is engagingly human. The dragons we wrestle in private he wrestles in full view of all, and his battles are gloriously ferocious. In his struggle with smoking Arnold had only proved what we know every time we look into that bathroom mirror: you can't win 'em all.

Arnold's difficulty with smoking was a personal fight, but the other major battle of his life, his struggle with the PGA, is one that could have affected the entire pro-tour concept.

The most important organization that Arnold Palmer belongs to is the U.S. Professional Golfers' Association. His ties with it are close and of long standing, going back not only through his own life as a golfer but through his boyhood, since his father worked at the profession that the PGA essentially represents, that

of a club golf pro. Arnold's loyalty to the PGA has led him to stand with that organization, or at least not break with it, when it and its tournament committee, which includes representatives of the touring pros, not only gave him every reason to denounce it but harassed him beyond all reasonable and logical bounds. I cannot say if his sticking with the PGA has been for better or worse—and, to be perfectly frank, I could not even guess one way or the other—but I do know that Arnold's decision is one of the least known and most significant stories in sport. If Arnold had done otherwise, the pro golf tour would be far different today.

There is hardly a phrase in the lexicon of professional golf that is heard more often than "The trouble with the PGA is..." It comes from the mouths of touring pros about as often as "Give me my wedge." Well, the trouble with the PGA is that through happenstance it came to be a single organization representing two groups of people engaging in completely different lines of work. It is the establishment that administrators on behalf of the country-club professional, the driving-range pro and the public-course operator. At present it has 5,700 such members in its rather loose affiliation and, among other things, it assures you that when you get a golf lesson from a "pro" he will know an overlapping grasp from an interlocking one. In theory, the PGA also runs a series of golf tournaments in which the best of these golf-shop operators and lesson-givers can compete for purse money. That is the way it all started, and it worked well enough until the mid-'50s, when tournament golf suddenly emerged as a multimillion-dollar business. Unfortunately, administering to the routine needs of club professionals is one thing, and running a big sport in this era of television, international tournaments and huge gates is another. Basically the PGA has two problems. It thinks small and it thinks, "Me."

Nonetheless, the PGA has been running the U.S. pro tour with an iron masochist. It is my personal belief that it does so with antiquated rules, that most of its decisions are born of confusion (and possibly anger), that a great many of its rules are, in fact, illegal—that is, they would not hold up in a court of law—and that it spends much more time thinking not about what it can do for golf, but about what golf can do for it.

continued

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best interests of the game as a whole in mind. This is especially true with respect to the international aspects of golf, and again it is Arnold who has been in the middle of many such muddles. In 1961 the PGA managed to keep Palmer from playing in the Canada Cup, an event that has contributed a great deal to the international aspect of golf. Not only that, the PGA, by threatening their suspension, kept several foreign stars from representing *their own countries*—in all, a grand contribution to international goodwill. There have been numerous other cases concerning foreign events in which the PGA has displayed what is really its basic position—it does not want foreign players on the U.S. tour and it does not want U.S. players competing overseas. This, of course, is diametrically opposed to Arnold's philosophy—that golf is a worldwide sport, the traditions and glories of which are infinitely enhanced by international competition.

I do not mean to suggest that the decisions the PGA has faced have not been difficult ones. It must indeed consider the desires of sponsors and the demands of the run-of-the-mill players as well as the overall good of the game. The problem is that it has a history of attempting to accommodate the first two, while ignoring the third.

The periods of strain between Arnold and the PGA have been many. I have on occasion recommended to Arnold that he simply stand fast against the PGA over a given issue and then sue if he is suspended. Each time Arnold has wanted to search for a peaceful way out, one that would not do such significant damage to the structure of golf. I must say I admire both his loyalty and patience. But even these almost wore out in early 1964 when, over Arnold's strongest objections, the PGA passed more restrictions on the activities of tour players with respect to foreign tournaments, exhibitions and television shows. We were now close to the point of establishing our own professional golf tour, one that would have Arnold, Jack and Gary as its backbone. The PGA—and the majority of the touring pros—probably do not believe it, but that is all of the backbone we needed, or would need today.

In fact, one of the things that the PGA and the majority of the touring professionals have the most trouble comprehending is that some players are more

important than others. Perhaps it is the very nature of the game that fogs their vision in this respect. A touring pro can argue to himself, rightfully, that he can hit any given shot as well as Arnold Palmer, that any given day he may well beat Arnold Palmer and that therefore, damn it, he is every bit as important a figure on the pro golf tour as Arnold Palmer. Well, the first two statements are absolutely true, but the conclusion is an absurdity. Arnold Palmer, like the other true stars of pro golf, is not just one of the boys, any more than Sandy Koufax was just a pitcher. Koufax filled stadiums, and every baseball player in the business had to be thankful down to the toes of his sweat socks that Koufax was Koufax. In turn, a Palmer, a Nicklaus or a Player is not just one of the boys. These are the men who have made it possible for the 25th leading money-winner in 1965 to earn \$36,692, as compared to \$5,152 a mere 15 years before. Like it or not, pro golf has always existed on the strength of its stars, and it is thriving today because of them.

Arnold's concern with the attitudes and inefficiencies of the PGA in 1964 led to some extensive exploration into the possibilities of a new tour. After looking into it thoroughly, I became convinced that a new tour could work, though I never reached the point of flatly recommending to Arnold that it be organized. The opportunity which existed, one that Arnold mulled over for six weeks before finally rejecting, was this:

A corporation, a very big corporation, guaranteed \$4 million to sponsor a golf tour of the 30 top players. The first stipulation was that three of the players would be Palmer, Nicklaus and Player. Twenty-seven others would be selected, but after Palmer, Nicklaus and Player we could pick any 27 we wanted.

In our discussions we talked about including Bill Casper, Doug Sanders, Ken Venturi, Bobby Nichols, Gene Littler, Mike Souchak, Bob Rosburg, Tony Lema, Bruce Devlin, Gay Brewer, Julius Beers, Dave Marr, Mason Rudolph, Jay Hebert, Sam Snead, Tommy Bolt and Phil Rodgers.

Some of these would have been eager to join a new tour. Others would not have wanted to at all. But we felt that we could have gotten the majority of the biggest names, and the ones that were left could hardly have held tournaments that would be considered competition.

We would have had a tie-in with a television network—there was no trouble in that area—and every tournament would have been on national television. The tour would have consisted of about 20 events a year, which would have been spaced around the major championships, the Masters, the U.S. Open and the British Open. Presumably, our players would no longer have been eligible for the PGA Championship.

The prize money would have been better than then existed on the pro tour. In addition, each player would have received a substantial salary—ranging up to \$40,000 a year. The participants would also have received profit-sharing, pension plans and insurance benefits, none of which they get now. The financial backing for this tour was no dream. The money was on the table. To this day I cannot see anything wrong with the plan, and I rather imagine that the corporation and the TV network concerned are still enthusiastic about it.

The reason a new tour was not established that summer is, quite simply, Arnold Palmer. He feared for the future of the PGA. He worried that any kind of minor league tour, one on which the young players could develop their skills, might not survive. He was concerned that any movement by a group of the touring pros away from the PGA would, by implication, damage the organization's relationship with its club pros, and hence disrupt things in that large area where the PGA functions best.

So the PGA has continued on its own way, passing rules designed to frustrate and restrict the activities of the game's stars, causing international incidents, suppressing the worldwide development of the sport, hiring executives one year and losing them the next and, I am afraid, looking upon Palmer as an enemy of pro golf.

This is ironic, because, granting him the advantage of the era in which he lives, I do not believe anyone has brought more to the game than Arnold Palmer. And of this I am sure: none of them, not Jones, not Sarazen, not Nelson, not Hogan, not Sneed, ever loved the very act of playing golf as much as my friend, Arnold.

Next Week

Palmer the golfer is assessed: why he must play boldly—but at risk—and whether his business responsibilities are hurting his game.

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"I think that baseball would be inviting a major lawsuit. When John Gailbreath [who owns the Pirates] and Mrs. Payson [who owns the Mets] give up their racehorses, I'll give up mine." With these words the Dodgers' Don Drysdale won his first game of the season. Taking a called third strike was the office of Baseball Commissioner William Eckert, which had questioned the propriety of Drysdale owning three Thoroughbreds—one of them, Don S., won a race two weeks ago at Santa Anita. At that time the commissioner's aide declared that Drysdale's racing interests would be investigated. He pointed out that in 1960 Al Kaline had been asked to dispose of his Thoroughbreds. But a few days later, after Drysdale's brushback pitch, the commissioner's office announced, "There is no rule in the book that forbids players from owning racehorses. No action will be taken."

The papers of Britain's controversial 94-year-old philosopher, **Bertrand Russell**, are being sorted by archivists in London prior to being offered for sale in May. Among the 100,000 letters (one for every 30 hours Russell has lived) is a description of mountaineering in the Alps when he was 17. "I climbed two mountains, Piz Corvatsch and Piz Polli," Russell wrote. "On both occasions there was a snowstorm. On the first occasion I had mountain sickness. The second occasion was quite exciting, as one of our guides fell over a precipice, and had to be hoisted up by a rope. I was impressed by his sangfroid, as he swayed as he fell over."

According to Edgar Rice Burroughs, Inc., an attempt is being made to ape Tarzan (SL Jan. 2). The company that produces the Tarzan movies has filed suit in Los Angeles against Actor **Mike Henry**, the former Los Angeles Ram linebacker who was the 14th Tarzan. The corpo-

ration charges that Henry and Screen Gems, Inc. are planning a new TV show called *Tarzan, King of the Jungle*, which would debate and ridicule the character of Tarzan. In addition to seeking a restraining order to prevent the TV series from appearing, the plaintiff asks \$250,000 in damages.

In *Soviet Sport* a member of Russia's world champion figure skating pairs team has revealed the secret of **Peggy Fleming's** success. "I can judge her quality from one episode," says **Oleg Protopopov**. "A year ago in Davos I watched her sitting in front of a mirror doing her hair. Her mother, who was with her, kept saying, 'Peggy, they are waiting for us in the car.' This continued for 30 minutes, but Peggy did not turn around once. Only after she finished did she look at her mother—and then once again in the mirror. It is impossible for such a sports figure to lose her pose. And that is the most important quality in a figure skater."

New Orleans District Attorney **Jim Garrison**, whose every move is being watched as he conducts his bizarre investigation into the Kennedy assassination, has a reputation for making few false moves at the chessboard. He has two chess sets in his office and three more at home, and is considered one of the city's best players. "Chess teaches you a lesson in morality," Garrison says. "If you are greedy, you lose. If you reach snap judgments about your opponent, you lose."

Ray Bolger, the 63-year-old song-and-dance man, has a theory that football players should practice breathing and ballet exercises. "These exercises build long muscles," Bolger explains, "instead of bunched muscles. Many injuries are caused by having the muscles bunched instead of stretched." He also believes that players would move faster

and have quicker reactions if they took deep breaths before starting down the field. "In my discussions with the Chicago Bears and the Los Angeles Rams," Bolger says, "I learned they breathe quickly instead of slowly. They pant."

"The days of the flying wedge and the single wing are long gone," huffed a Madison Avenue ad agency release, "and so are the gridironers who could make it on sheer weight and muscle." What this was adding up to was some statistics that showed bridge was the favorite card game of pro football players. Last week in Fort Worth, as if to illustrate the point, 235-pound **Sherrill Headrick**, the Kansas City Chiefs' middle linebacker, entered his first major bridge tournament and scored one of the upsets of the year when he and his partner defeated 110 other teams to win the title and 1781 Master points. Meanwhile, the image of college football was being upheld by UCLA Coach **Tommy Prothro**. A bridge addict 20 years ago, he returned to formal competition by playing in a sectional championship at Santa Monica on a team with international bridge star **Law Mathe** and

finishing near the top. "He plays quite well," said Mathe. "I've played with a lot of celebrities who turned out to be something less than advertised, but Tommy Prothro exceeded my fondest expectations."

The battle of the book has only just begun in Britain—the book, that is, in which Author Arthur La Bern says he will reveal that **Queen Victoria's** gaffe was an even more sporting associate than the demands of good angling required. The work, entitled *The Queen's Esquire*, tells of the Queen's relationship with John Brown (below, left), and the liberties she allowed him—he was permitted to smoke in her presence, was often rude, surly and smelled of whiskey (she carried a gold bell to attract his attention when he was drunk). The Queen had many photographs and busts of John Brown made, which she placed around in Balmoral Castle, and when he died his personal diaries were officially impounded and immediately destroyed. Says the publisher of the new book, "I don't believe in censoring my authors. I would not wish to hurt or embarrass the present royal family, but it's a question of historic fact."





The best ballplayer ever to become top dog in a front office laughs, does card tricks, signs autographs and—oh, yes—waxes optimistic

Stanley, the general manager

It was shortly before 10 on a hot morning and Stan Musial, the rookie general manager of the St. Louis Cardinals, had already put in two hours of desk work in his comfortable, unpretentious office at Al Lang Field in St. Petersburg, Fla. He had smoked his first cigar of the day while carefully reading the newspapers from sports page to stock market quotations to weather forecasts to front page, made several phone calls, accepted yet another invitation for a luncheon speech and spoken to his manager, Red Schoendienst. After clearing his desk, Musial started walking toward the play-

ing field where the Cardinals would have their next-to-last workout before commencing the long preseason exhibition schedule.

Before getting to the field, however, Stanley had to pause to take care of a few more details and examine certain things that go with the job he inherited only six weeks ago when Bob Howsam left St. Louis for the security that a three-year contract with the Cincinnati Reds would bring. In front of the ball park he stopped to watch a crowd of people gathering to purchase tickets for the spring training games. When the crowd spotted

Musial, mouths opened in surprise, and one of those typical St. Petersburg old-timers, wearing a loud shirt with a string tie, called to him. "Stan," he said, "how about an autograph?" Musial walked over to the crowd to oblige. "Glad you got the job," one of the people said. "You deserve it. How'n it feel, Stan? How'n it feel?"

Musial smiled and tapped the man on the shoulder. "Feels pretty good," he said, "pretty good. Just starting to get my feet wet, you know? It's a long way from being a sore-armed pitcher from Donora, Pennsylvania to a job like this." Musial's head went back in laughter, and he seemed to be enjoying the conversation even more than the friendly crowd was, those who have made a serious study of Musial will swear that he was enjoying it more.

Seldom in baseball does a truly great player rise to the position of general manager. Before Musial's appointment late in January you could count the ones who did on the fingers of one glove: Eddie Collins, Herb Pennock, Hank Greenberg and Joe Cronin. Indeed, in baseball today only four men—Paul Richards of Atlanta, Haywood Sullivan of Boston, Ed Lopat of Kansas City and George Selkirk of Washington—were ever active major league players. And even these four served apprenticeships as field managers with major league clubs or with minor league clubs or both before moving up to the front office. Musial has never managed for one day nor has he ever expressed a desire to.

There is no doubt, either, that Musial accepted a very hot seat when he took the job as St. Louis general manager. In the 13 years that Anheuser-Busch Inc. has owned the Cards they have hired, used up, become disenchanting with, lost or fired six different general managers, and done likewise with six field managers. Those figures do not include Branch Rickey, Leo Durocher and Charlie Metro, all of whom were allegedly waiting in the wings for somebody to fail. Along with that precarious history, Musial, Schoendienst and the Cards are obliged to begin the 1967 season with a schedule

continued

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that has them playing their first 19 games against San Francisco, Los Angeles, Pittsburgh, Houston and Cincinnati, teams that are either pennant favorites or rivals that Cardinal teams of the recent past have had the most difficulty with.

As though these burdens were not enough, St. Louis will be fielding a starting lineup that collectively draws more than \$400,000 in salaries—one of the highest-paid in major league history. It is a lineup that many people believe is strong enough to make St. Louis a genuine challenger for the pennant despite recent odds from Reno that make the Cards a 12-1 overlay. In other words, a lot is expected of the Cardinals—and Musial.

After leaving the crowd at the ticket lines that morning Musial walked onto the playing field, talking about his new job and his hopes for the ball club. He was dressed in a blue hat, purple sweater covering a sport shirt with red and gray stripes, blue slacks and black loafers with white laces on them. He went over to chat with Schoendienst. Musial and Schoendienst were roommates for 13 years as players. (Schoendienst once said, "I don't think there was ever a time when one of us went out the door without the other.") Each took defeat bitterly and played despite severe injuries and illnesses. Once in New York they played a game and lost and returned to the hotel. Each told the other that he felt a little cold coming on, and they went to bed. Neither was able to get up the next morning, and when the doctor arrived he discovered two cases of double pneumonia.

When a school of photographers advanced upon them Musial put his arm around Schoendienst and carried on a conversation with the photographers in order to make their job easier. "It's a little early in the morning for this," he said. "You guys ought to know that Red and I don't hit our peak until about noon." He laughed, and Schoendienst laughed with him. "How would you guys like it if we came out at 10 in the morning and started to take your picture? Is this color or black and white? Color? Yeah, yeah. O.K., Red, give 'em your living smile. One more? Sure, sure, one more. Why not?" After the session was over, Musial leaned against

the batting cage, watching the hitters, and explained why he had never become a field manager.

"It's been said," he began, "that I didn't want to be a field manager because I'd be too easy on the players. That isn't true. I'd probably be too tough on them. I never even thought about managing, because that is a thing you have to set your sights on. I never set my sights on that at all. My reason for it was because I did not want that daily diet of winning and losing. Sure, I'll have some of that now in this job, but unless you have been very close to a big-league baseball team you can't realize what that daily winning-and-losing thing is, how it grows on you and gets at you. This job should be more the sort of thing I like, and I like it already. You don't have to concern yourself so totally with one loss. It shouldn't hurt you as much inwardly as it does a player, even though it will certainly hurt some. But sitting up here away from the dugout I can look at a game and see what we need to make the team better and then go out and try to get it."

Musial on spoons

Although as a player Musial appeared to be a man who could shrug off a loss, that was not really true. But he could relieve the pressure by doing sleight-of-hand tricks that he had picked up in his early years. He would take a deck of cards and do spellbinding tricks and then laugh when he had fooled his audience. (He still loves to do sleight of hand.) Or, when musie was playing in the Cardinal clubhouse, Stan would take a pair of hangers and keep perfect rhythm on tile, wood and footlockers. When the Cards were at dinner he would often play a rhythm on spoons, and he built himself a reputation as "the best spoon player in the majors." Even today, as general manager, he will walk about humming some unknown lullaby, the melody of which changes occasionally, thus taxing the musical knowledge of office personnel and players alike. "Stanley," they will finally ask, "what is that song? It's driving everybody crazy." And Stanley will laugh and say, "It's my new one. Pretty good. It'll keep you on your toes." Thus go the devices of relaxation, once as a player, now as a general manager.

The question asked of Musial most often this spring is, "What about Roger Maris?" In the most discussed trade of the off season, the Cardinals, through their previous General Manager Bob Hensam, got Maris from the New York Yankees in exchange for Charlie Smith. Maris had told the Yankees twice in 1966—once in July and again two days before the season ended—that he no longer wanted to play in New York. "They had to believe one of two things," Roger said recently. "Either they believed me or they thought I was giving them a lot of bull." Two days before he signed his contract with the Cardinals, Maris decided to play instead of retiring. "The reason," he says, in that frank way of his that often gets him in trouble when it should not, "is my own." Some say the only reason why Maris finally changed his mind and decided to play again is that he wants the \$72,600 salary St. Louis is paying him. The more probable reason is pride. Maris wants to prove again that he is an excellent player when healthy, something he has not been in the past two seasons.

The other day, as Maris came to bat in his first intrasquad game, Musial leaned forward in his seat behind home plate. His wife Lillian and his 8-year-old daughter Jeanne were seated alongside him, each in a Cardinal cap. When Maris lined a clean single to right field the largest crowd ever to see an intrasquad game at Al Lang Field gave him a huge ovation. But Stanley Musial did not applaud at all. He merely leaned back in his seat and gave Jeanne a quick hug. Later Musial explained what the Cardinals hoped Maris would mean to them in the season ahead.

"We know that Roger is an established major league player and a tremendous outfielder," he said. "We aren't looking at him and saying he is going to have a great year this year. Neither are we looking for any miracles from him. If he does what he can do—and we think he is now over his injuries, because we have had him examined carefully—he can get runs for the Cardinals. That's what we need. We did not get enough runs last year."

"It's a long jump from sixth place to the pennant," Musial admits candidly, "but we're going to work like the devil to go higher. And I think we will." **END**

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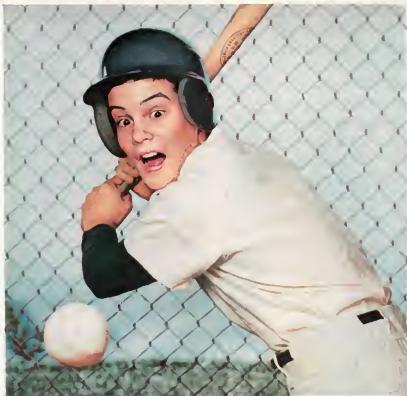
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A book fighter who may change Ali's style

Challenger Zora Folley is technically the most competent boxer the heavyweight champion has had to defend against, although there are some who question his determination. It is unlikely he will win the title

Maybe it is not necessary to identify Zora Folley, but there is an urge to do so, to say Zora Folley is a fighter. Zora Folley (a beautiful name, easily comparable to Mahatma Kane Jeeves, Larsen E. Whipsnade or Gaston B. Means) has been in 85 fights, you see, but few are aware that Zora has ever been near a ring, or, for that matter, that he even exists. First of all, who ever heard of a fighter coming from Arizona and, second, who ever heard of a fighter whose idea of a big time is standing in line to make a bank deposit? He is even quite fond of his wife. The Junior Chamber of Commerce has got to be handling Zora Folley.

"He's the only heavyweight champion," says George Nader, mayor of Chandler, Ariz., "they'd put on the back of a Wheaties box. If he wins."

The mayor can forget it. Barry Goldwater had a better chance in the last election than Folley has against Muhammad Ali next week in the first heavyweight title fight in Madison Square Garden in 16 years. Curiously, this is not because Folley does not possess the skills. On the contrary, he is certainly the most competent fighter Ali has had to defend against. He is the best combination puncher among the heavyweights, a great "book fighter" and a counterpuncher who can lay back and pick an opponent to pieces. "Leave him alone, and you're in trouble," says Angelo Dundee.

Nobody, it seems, doubts Folley's abilities. The big question with him, aside from his age (he's 34, maybe 36), is located below the neck. Hemingway had another word for it, but the less literate and less sensitive in boxing just say, majestically waving their cigars, "Da bum has a lot of dog in 'im." This is a rap handed out often and quickly in boxing, but who really knows? Unfortunately, Folley has fought across 14 years with this tag on him: no Heart. The case? He

does not always get up off the floor, and he does not win the big fights. Sonny Liston, Doug Jones and Alejandro Lavorante knocked him out, and Henry Cooper and Ernie Terrell decimated him. "I got heart, don't nobody have to worry about that," says Folley.

Nevertheless, the fight will present a different kind of action from what has been seen in Ali's recent title defenses. Folley, in a lordly, upright stance, does not chase his opponents. Ali, who prefers to be chased, will have to, and indeed intends to, pursue Folley, to stay on top of him and not allow him to "get off" his combinations. With his awesome hand speed and magnificent physical condition, Ali should have no trouble in disarming Folley. Zora's defense is good, but when he is caught with a volley of combinations his offense is nullified and

he goes into a shell and covers. Unless he changes his style, Folley should be in a shell most of the night, which will consist of, say, six or seven rounds.

Folley, if left alone, can do a lot of damage with his best weapon, a short, powerful right hand that "has eyes." This punch has given him 40 knockouts. "It's the closest thing to a mule's kick that I've ever seen," says his trainer, Johnny Hart. "He just takes it back and whump, he pops it in there."

No one, of course, can predict the pattern of Ali's fights—he is such a master improviser—but if he chooses to spend the opening rounds testing and tempting he could find Folley to be quite dangerous. Conceivably, Folley might even stagger Ali, but would he seize the moment? Past experiences indicate that he would let Ali get away. Folley had Henry

crushed



CHALLENGER FOLLEY (RIGHT) DOES HIS ROADWORK IN NEW YORK'S CENTRAL PARK

Cooper down in the third round, but Cooper, badly cut, got up to bull Zora all over the ring and win. Folley allowed the same thing to happen in his second fight with Doug Jones. "Maybe, at those times," he says, "I was thinking too much, but that's the way I fight. Lookin' all the time, you know, what to do, what to throw and how the other guy reacts. It makes me sick to waste a punch. I'll fight the same way against Ali, but for some reason I feel different inside for this one. For once, you know, a fight has real meaning for me."

The meaning for Folley is obvious. He has labored in obscurity and without much reward for a fighter who has been in the ratings for 11 years (No. 1 in 1958). Only a man with great perseverance could have withstood the gnawing frustration of being avoided and still retain his desire. Yet he conceals his bitterness without too much effort—except when Floyd Patterson's name is mentioned.

"If Floyd had given me a shot," says Folley. "I would have been champion years ago. But he was afraid of me. He kept dodging me, and I was out in the bushes. It seemed like it was always another year or two of just hoping and waiting, and little fights. Always little fights in small towns. I am grateful to Ali for this chance, but he's not kidding me. He gave me the fight only because

he's completely convinced he can whup me."

Patterson was not Folley's only problem. He and Bill Swift, his manager and close friend, were caught in a strange financial web. Swift's father was the son of the founder of Swift & Company and his mother's father had controlled Morton Salt Company. Bill, through real estate and cattle, had acquired wealth of his own, but after a number of bad investments and a costly divorce he had lost most of his money. "I was broke," says Swift, a former rodeo performer and truck driver, "and I tried to get a job, but because of my name and the family's reputation for wealth, nobody believed me."

"There were times," admits Swift, "when the purses from Zora's fights helped me to support my family. Perhaps if my finances had been better we would not have taken some of those fights and would have saved the losses. As it was, I took fights we didn't need. There was no reason to take on Liston, Jones, the second time, was foolish, too. Folley had just gotten over the flu and he was still weak when he fought, but we needed the money. There were others like that. Short-notice fights, fights when he wasn't right or those that we did not need. All of this didn't help his career, but Zora never reproached me."

This is not difficult to understand. Folley is a gentle, silent man and, like Swift, he is a western type. He hides his emotions, does not reveal much of himself; the only indication that something might be churning inside him is when he jiggles his leg and slowly grinds his teeth, and then he looks like a perfect setup for an ulcer. "I keep my irritations well hid," says Folley. "They're covered up way down deep and I guess that's where they belong." Folley is also not interested in conversation, but when he does say something he means it. When, for instance, he says he respects Ali as a fighter and a man he is not just trying to be nice. When he says he does have "heart" and looks at you with those big, lifeless eyes, who can doubt him? Besides, there is another record of which no one speaks.

Folley earned five battle stars as a rifleman and B.A.R. man with the infantry in Korea during those savage engagements at Pusan, Inchon and Bloody Ridge. "I can't get nervous anymore," says Folley. "I left all that back there.

The Chinese would pour in and come at you screaming, blowing the bugles, and you couldn't stay nervous long. That's all there seemed to be—Chinese, blood and mud. You knew if you could hold on long enough you'd make it. Maybe that's where I learned to stick it out in this boxing when everything was going wrong. Maybe that's why I think I got all the heart it takes. Ali is only one man, not a thousand Chinese."

If Folley, speaking, is somewhat a departure from the usual fighter, he is even more so physically. He has a smooth, soft face which is decorated by a thin mustache. The ridges above his eyes are not exaggerated, the nose is not misshapen and his stomach is unmarked by dissipation or age. "I guess," he says, pounding his stomach with his right hand, "that's because I don't have any time for anything else but my eight kids and working around the house."

Folley lives in Chandler in a pink cinder-block house surrounded by an encampment of frayed white cottages. It is a warm, bright house, and inside it always seems to be filled with screen doors being slammed, the laughter of kids, the chatter of neighbors and the smell of good, solid food. On the walls are a couple of religious pictures, and on a shelf three books: *Compton's Pictured Encyclopedia*, *The Power of Positive Thinking* and *Word Power Made Easy*.

"I don't believe anything will change after I win the title," he said, sitting in the living room as his kids flew by. "I'll live here with my friends, probably in the same house. I've been all over the world, seen lots of places. Great cities and beautiful towns, but nothing beats Chandler. It's really nothing much to look at, but I like it. I like the desert and the way things look and feel."

Then Folley got up and began his roadwork for the day, a seven-mile walk down the length of a Southern Pacific Railroad spur. It is a lonely walk, but Folley was not bothered by it. He likes to look at the weird cactus, the greasewood trees, the mesquite and the ominous shadows of Camelback Mountain, and on this day, his last before going to New York, he was strangely silent. His mind, it seemed, was a million miles away from that day when some guy waving a martini, 20 years from now, will bring up the name of Zora Folley in a Trivia exercise.

END



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WHEN THE REAL McGUIRE STOOD UP

Although his brothers, Al and Dick, were famous basketball players and are now prominent coaches, John has well earned the reputation of being the real McGuire. A devoted horseplayer and all-round bon vivant, he spent 10 years on the New York City police force driving sergeants

apoplectic with his outrageous behavior. Once, assigned to protect U.N. Ambassador Lodge, he fell asleep at his post. Awakened by a photographer, he managed to scramble into the pose shown opposite. Unfortunately, as his superiors noted, he was not wearing his cap or his gun.

BY PETE AXTHELM

CONTINUED

It was a fairly typical day in the lives of the three sons of John and Winifred McGuire of 108th Street in Rockaway, Queens. Al, the youngest brother, was pacing nervously behind a desk in Room 101 of the old athletic department building at Marquette University in Milwaukee. Al coaches the Marquette basketball team, and on this afternoon he was worried about beating St. John's in the most important game on his schedule. He was also worried about beating a small assault charge that a Detroit policeman had filed after a postgame melee four nights earlier. "Funny how your perspective can change," he said. "For a month all I've thought about was beating St. John's. Now this cop claims I hit him, and all this publicity could be really damaging. In fact, I'd better get Dick on the phone in Detroit. Those reporters there could get him to make a statement that might hurt us."

Dick McGuire, who is 41 (three years older than Al), coaches the New York Knickerbockers. He was in Detroit during one of those four-towns-in-four-nights road trips that fill the National Basketball Association season, and he had plenty to worry about himself. His team, generally picked to finish last, was in third place, but it was losing. Some writers and fans were already forgetting the fact that the Knicks had had six straight cellar finishes before McGuire arrived. They wondered why Dick had not improved the team even more, and they particularly wondered why he was not using Cazzie Russell, the \$200,000-bonus rookie with all the All-America clippings.

Al McGuire could have told them why. He could have explained that Russell was simply not a very good basketball player yet, and that New York happened to have three men who could do a better job in the backcourt. He might also have said what he thought of their opinions. But Dick cannot talk like his brother. He mumbled noncommittal answers to the persistent questions, he chain-smoked and fretted through each game and—working under the Knicks' traditional confidence-inspiring one-year

contract—he couldn't help wondering if he would soon become the next in a long line of scapegoats. "Every game," he admitted, "is getting to be a potential ulcer."

"Hate to bother you at a time like this, Dick," Al said into the phone, "but I wanted to warn you. Don't give those reporters anything they could hurt me with. You know the standard answer. Just tell them I'm an outstanding Christian gentleman."

He smiled as he said the word gentleman. Off the court the word describes him well. He is handsome, suave and witty, a master recruiter and a smooth speaker; his television shows, radio shows and personal appearances have made him immensely popular in Milwaukee. But Al doesn't really think of himself as a gentleman. At heart, he knows, he has always been a fighter. A winning fighter.

Marquette routed St. John's by 17 points that night. Two days later the Detroit police dropped all charges against Al. During the same week the Knicks—scoring most effectively while Cazzie Russell was on the bench—managed to break out of their slump and maintain their position in the hectic NBA race. Two of the McGuire brothers could stop worrying for the moment. The third and oldest brother could only sit back and admire them. "They're both natural winners," said John McGuire, who is 42. "Al is so tough he'll overcome anything. He'll be the next legend of the Midwest. Dick is a little too nice to people, but look at the job he's done this year. He should be Coach of the Year. Both of them will go a long way. They have tremendous ability. And they have no weakness to hold them back, like I do."

John McGuire's weakness is gambling. In a family of winners he is a solid loser. He and his partner, Norton Papis, own a large, loud nightclub that has been called the biggest gold mine in the entire borough of Queens. Pep-McGuire's Restaurant is filled almost every night with hundreds of young people spending a dollar a drink for shots of

whiskey that measure five-eighths of an ounce.

Yet Pep sold his car in the middle of the last Aqueduct meeting, and John's phone is disconnected. When either of them answers the phone in the bar he puts a handkerchief over the mouthpiece and imitates the porter's voice so he can tell bookmakers and other creditors that he is out of town. "John is so empty," says Pep, who is going fairly well at present, "that he is having a tattoo put on his arm that says, 'No Deposits.'"

"I stay out of touch with John during the season," says Al. "Obviously, Dick and I can't have anything to do with him when he's discussing gambling. But there's no way anyone could suspect us of helping him win. He never wins." Actually John seldom bets on basketball, and he always avoids games in which his brothers are involved. Horses are his main game. To Al, whose only betting interest is gin rummy—at which he is very good—and to Dick, who limits himself to an occasional visit to the track as a \$2 bettor, John's habit is beyond understanding. They just shake their heads when they speak of it. "He's got the talent to make a fortune at anything he tries," says Al. "It's a shame he has to waste it."

It is very hard, however, to feel sorry for John McGuire for very long. No one will ever run any benefits for him. At those times when he can't get even-money favorites home, John still lives at twin-double prices. His five children—he has been a widower for four years—are as good-looking as he is, and considerably sounder fiscally, and he enjoys the finest places, the most impeccable clothes and the most laughs available in New York. "If I ever let winning or losing affect my standard of living," he says, "I'll figure I'm in serious trouble." He has been a bartender, a policeman and a nightclub entrepreneur, and he has never yet been in that kind of trouble. "Dick and Al have good jobs, and the family is very proud of them," he says. "I'm the one who's responsible for every gray hair our mother has. But on

her birthday Dick still gives her an apron, and Al gives her a plant. I generally come on with a diamond brooch."

Gamblers, of course, tend to remember the diamonds. John is currently in the throes of a losing streak that began a year ago at Hialeah and has never been seriously interrupted by winners. Last winter he alternately enjoyed and suffered through three months of Florida racing; this year he has limited himself to one week. He is in what he calls a "recouping stage," a period of waiting

The bandleader kept asking embarrassing questions about exactly when he would be paid. Pep overheard and started screaming at the kid. "This poor man," he pointed out, referring to John, "has more responsibilities to worry about than you, you know. He has the flats in the afternoon, the trotters at night—18 important decisions every day. I refuse to let him be bothered by any little business decisions. He's got enough tension." The bandleader backed away with an apologetic look on his face. The band

ping and wagering on the trotters. "I was with The Brain when he was going good," he says. "I was also with The Eel, The Goose, The Monk. You name a winning outfit and I was probably betting with it at some time. It frightens me to think of some of the scores I've made in my life. But I guess my nervous system couldn't take all that winning. If I had really cared about profit, I probably would have stayed away from Aqueduct."

Aqueduct, the huge and impersonal gambling emporium in Coney Park, has never been very good to John. But, like a mountain waiting to be climbed, it is there. So John challenges it—almost every day. In recent years Table 108 in the Man o' War Room has been a landmark for racetrack regulars. John and Pep have played host to actors, writers, horse trainers and other turf notables, such as Hyman Limousine, who drove a car for a living and bet \$50 on each race, and Mike Raffles, seller and trader of foreign horses both living and dead. Among the guests have been several good handicappers. A man listening to their opinions might have held his own against the track's 17% takeout.

But nobody listened to solid opinions at Table 108. "Give me a story," Pep would scream. "I don't want figures or speed ratings. I want *whoppers*." Eighteen trainers and four top selectors couldn't sway Pep or John if a jockey's wife's friend had told them to bet on the rider that day. A cab driver with a flair could give them a story ("a movie, a spectacular," Pep once demanded) that would mean more than all the sound judgments in the world. The partners eventually relied so completely on this kind of "information" that they stopped studying past performances at all. They would sit at the table, sipping coffee and looking wildly around the room, with Pep screaming for help and John nibbling nervously on the corner of his program, saying quietly, "Just one big score, that's all I want. Not for the money, for the pride."

By late last summer the pride was wounded and the money was gone. Table



The Enemy (McGabe, left) and The Genius (Pep) root home a pace at Yorkers Raceway.

and saving and thinking about getting even at some future date.

"He's acting a little cuckoo right now," says Pepps, who calls himself The Genius and his partner The Enemy. "He talks to himself, he worries, he gets desperate. But a gambler digs that kind of tension. His brothers know all about basketball. But, believe me, John knows all about life. He's the real McGurre."

Pepps shows a rare sensitivity to his partner's feelings. One day last summer John hired a band for the nightclub,

played for five nights during that July week. They were paid on Jan. 16, after Pep bet on Green Bay in the Super Bowl.

During their summer of decision-making, John and Pep spent their days at a special table in the Man o' War Room at Aqueduct. John also spent his nights at one of New York's two trotting tracks. The nights were the serious business. John sat for a while at the private table of the legendary Frenchman who may be the biggest harness-horse bettor in the country. He has also been seen with almost every other serious student of handicap-

108 was abandoned to less colorful bettors as the "recouping stage" began. John and Pep attempted one comeback on the third floor of the Aqueduct clubhouse, where jockeys' agents, horsemen and assorted turf counselors offered even more "movies" about hot horses. They also ventured into the press box, but their stay was brief. Some writers grumbled about their presence, and dissension reached a peak when the only betting machine in the box broke down after Pep bought \$1,200 worth of \$2 tickets on one horse. The horse happened to lose, and the partners disdainfully walked out of the unfriendly press box and decided to concentrate on the nightclub business for a while.

"It's probably just as well we get broke now and then," says John. "It forces us to improve the business." Sales tend to fall off when the owners are away, because John and Pep are very good at attracting young girls to the club, and the girls, in turn, are pretty much the sole attraction for the male patrons. The size of the drinks—"We guarantee that nobody can get drunk on them," says Pep—does not bring crowds of men who just like whiskey.

John might not be a gambling man today if he had not broken his shoulder when he seemed likely to become a first-rate college athlete. Dick always had the most ability in the family, and Al had the fighting spirit that helped him overcome his physical limitations. But John had unique qualities of his own, and there were times when he appeared to have the best future of all the brothers. "The three of us used to go to playgrounds to play basketball," Al recalls. "Dick and I were the best ball handlers in the neighborhood, and we'd move it around and set John up for easy shots near the foul line. He would always shoot and usually score. Soon he thought he was an All-America, and he was directing us. And if we got tired from all that running and made a mistake he'd scream at us."

"He wasn't the best," adds Dick, "but he was always the boss, the regulator." John put his abilities to even better use in football and was looking forward to a

college scholarship when he was hurt. Then he went into the service. When he returned in 1945 he began tending bar in his father's place on 108th Street. "He was the best bartender I've ever seen," Al says. "If a kid came in and said he was home from the Army, John would have everybody in the place calling him a Medal of Honor winner in a half hour. He kept everybody happy."

"I've always known how to handle people," John says. "But I didn't really plan to stay in that bar forever. Not enough excitement." He was introduced to new forms of excitement the day a stranger came in and sat over a beer, mumbling something about 17 in a row.

"Seventeen what?" asked John. The man explained that a handicapper in Florida had just given him 17 winners. Then he handed John a small, folded publication on grainy paper with perforated edges. In later years John was to become quite familiar with the scratch sheet. But on that day he quickly looked over the long list of names and numbers and focused on one name, Matinee Ride, that was circled. "Is this the 18th selection?" he asked.

It was, and John rushed to a bookmaker he had heard about and bet \$5. "The horse paid \$6.60," he says. "I ran into the bar that night and told my father, 'I'm no bartender, I'm a horseplayer.' I figured I'd never have to work again. Six months later I was a cop."

People now familiar with John's suave and sophisticated manner generally assume he was some kind of plainclothes detective or distinguished undercover agent during his 10-year career on the force. Actually, he was a patrolman blowing a whistle at street corners in Manhattan. "I did go for one interview to become a plainclothesman," he says. "The inspector agreed that I had all the qualifications. But he knew me a little too well. He said I'd probably turn Manhattan Island into a private parking lot. So I went back on my regular beat."

But no beat John ever had could be called a regular one. "I was impossible to find," he says. "Anyone in the precinct who could tell the sergeant where I was got a two-day vacation. I set the all-time record for sick days."

One person who did find John was a photographer for the New York Daily News. On Nov. 20, 1953 John's picture appeared on the front page of the News, showing him as he stood guard outside U.N. Ambassador Henry Cabot Lodge's hotel suite protecting Lodge against a threatened attack by anti-U.S. terrorists. It was an impressive picture, very suitable for the scrapbook that Winifred McGuire had filled mostly with clippings of Dick and Al playing basketball. But it did not impress John's superiors. He was standing at attention, all right, as he guarded the ambassador, but he was wearing neither cap nor gun.

The situation could have been even worse. "When the photographer first arrived," John says, "I was asleep in a chair. I had to persuade him to give me time to stand up and pose. That way, I figured, I could at least talk my way out of trouble."

Which is what John did throughout his police career. He joined the force because he needed the money, and he welcomed the chance to serve his community. The most important consideration, however, was the fact that one of his potential superiors was a basketball fan who loved Dick and Al and would help John get good assignments. Unfortunately, that officer retired right after John joined up. "I decided that as long as I was already there I might as well make the most of the opportunities," he recalls.

The main opportunity he wanted was the chance to go to the racetrack every day. Soon he maneuvered his way onto the midnight-to-8-a.m. shift, which allowed him to make both the flats and the trotters as long as he could catch a little sleep on the job. In fact, he found that being a policeman could even be an advantage to him at the track.

He and his patrolman friend Jimmy Weston—who also proved too big for the police department and now owns a Manhattan restaurant—were once in the profitable little business of betting on photo finishes at the old Jamaica track. This is a lucrative form of betting mainly because you only bet on sure things. One man—usually Weston—stands at the finish line and sees which horse wins. As the photo sign goes up, he signals his

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partner, who stands farther down the stretch at an angle from which it is impossible to see who has won. Then, when someone wants to bet on the result the partner obliges—as long as the person wants to bet on the horse that didn't win.

Once a man lost this kind of bet to John and became very upset. He reached into his wallet dramatically and produced a glistening badge. "This is illegal betting," he said. "I won't pay, and I might just report you." John and Weston, who had joined them, squinted at the badge and began laughing. "It said he was an honorary sheriff of Suffolk County or something," Weston recalls. "So John and I simultaneously took out our own wallets. 'You lose the photo,' we told him, 'you lose your bet and you lose the badges. We got two of them. New York City Police.' The guy was so shocked he couldn't move. We took the money he lost out of his hand and said goodbye."

"Of course you don't always win the badge-matching game," says John. "One night I was assigned to guard the Ethiopian Emperor, Haile Selassie, when he visited New York. Everything was quiet in his hotel, so I went to sleep." It is not too unusual for a cop on night duty to doze off, but John McGuire did it with a characteristic flair. "I didn't believe in wrinkling my uniform if I could help it," he says, "and I didn't like to be uncomfortable. So I would find an empty room in the hotel, take off all my clothes and go into a sound sleep. On that night a guy had to slap me for five minutes to wake me. It scared me for a minute, but it was just another cop who couldn't sleep and wanted to play gin. We played for a while on the bed, but then some detectives came in. The other cop panicked, threw all the cards on the floor and ran out onto the street in his underwear to get away. But not me. I calmly put on my pants and pulled my silver shield from the pocket. I gave him the big smile and said let's forget it. But he pulled out his shield, and it was gold. I said, 'O.K., I'm a sportsman. I lose this time.' The next day I was back directing traffic on Second Avenue."

And it was there on Second Avenue, the favorite folk tale of Pep-McGuire's



Al McGuire (in white) shows his playing style in 1954 fight with Boston's Bill Sharman.

recruits, that Norton Peppis once went through a light and John McGuire pulled him over. The fact that Pep talked John out of giving him a ticket is not in itself remarkable, since John cannot remember ever giving a summons to anyone in his entire tenure as a policeman. "But he also talked me out of my job," John claims, "and right into the nightclub business with him."

It didn't really happen that fast. John stayed on the force for several years after he met Pep. But he was beginning to get the idea that he did not fit too well into the police mold. One sergeant threatened to fire him when he learned that John had been driving the squad car in Greenwich Village with the siren at full blast. "I explained that the car was out of control," John says, "but they couldn't figure out how I was able to park it so easily."

A precinct captain became even more incensed the day John entered the station in his usual dapper civilian clothes, with a portfolio under his arm. ("I always carried one," John explains. "And, of course, I stood out among the cops that would come to work in T shirts or old chinos or something.") John looked so

unusual that the captain immediately ushered him into his private office, poured two drinks and started chatting. "Gradually I realized that he was making a terrible mistake," says John. "He hadn't recognized me, and since it was Christmastime he had assumed I was bringing the annual gift package from the Copa or someplace. Finally he got impatient and asked politely who I was. 'Patrolman McGuire, sir,' I said. He jumped up and screamed, 'Put that damn drink down and get the hell out of here.' I was in trouble all the time from then on.

"I ended up on day duty at the foot of the Manhattan Bridge in Brooklyn. One day I was driving to work in the snow, and I knew I had to make a decision about my life. After all, it was the last day of the Aqueduct meeting, and a horse named Mr. Willie was running. I loved Mr. Willie. He had been very good to me. But I had already set the sick-day record. I knew one more day and I'd be through. But I said to myself, 'What do I really need this job for?' Then I thought of my wife, my five kids and the 11 loan books in my pocket. I guess I did need the job."

Finally, although Mr. Willie lost his

continued

race that day, he won out over the police department in John's mind. McGuire called in sick, went to the track and several policemen were assigned to find him. It was not hard. A squad car followed him from the Aqueduct gate to Rockaway. When he saw the car John slowed down, made a turn and circled around to begin following it. "I usually handled those things diplomatically," he says. "But I had lost at Aqueduct, I was nervous with the anticipation of a night at the trotters and I just wasn't in the mood to be friendly. I pulled them over in front of my house and confronted those guys. 'How many times have you been out sick?' one of them asked me. I told them I wouldn't answer. In fact, I said, I interpreted the whole thing as a personal vendetta. Then I screamed at them to get off my lawn. They left, and I went inside and called Pep and told him I was ready to open that joint with him."

It took Dick McGuire much less time to find his place in life. Basketball was his only game, and he was always very good at it. Yet he is so shy and unassuming that he has come close to missing many opportunities that his brothers would have grabbed in a minute. He got into the habit of passing off to his brothers on the playgrounds of Rockaway, and he never changed. In high school, at La Salle Academy in Manhattan, he managed to escape the coach's attention so often that he didn't even play on the first team. But he and Al starred in a CYO league, and both eventually played for the astute Frank McGuire (no relation) at St. John's.

During his eight years with the Knicks Dick may have been the best ever to play for the club. He was traded to Detroit in 1957 and became the Pistons coach two years later. For four years his team was packed to finish last in the Western Division of the NBA; four times they made the playoffs. It was becoming clear that this mumbly, worrying introvert was a pretty good basketball coach. But he was also a very unhappy one. He quit the job in 1963. Typically, Dick talks only about his personal reasons for quitting. His wife, Teri, had not wanted to move their four kids from their Hunt-

ington, Long Island home; he was lonely and bored living in hotels. He seldom mentions that Piston Owner Fred Zollner put considerable pressure on him and also had a custom of trading the team's best players—notably Gene Shue in 1962—out from under the coach. Dick quietly left Detroit and began looking for another job.

It wasn't easy. Dick had never gotten his degree from St. John's, and the low-pressure high-school and college jobs he would have loved usually were unavailable to men without degrees. That left the pros, and if he wanted to stay with his family the choice narrowed down to the Knicks. The team management did not exactly rush to his door.

"Sure, I wanted the Knick job," he says now. "It was the only thing I ever really thought about after leaving Detroit. But I can't demand things like that. John or Al might have walked in and told them that they were the greatest, and soon the management would have believed it. But I couldn't do it."

So he waited, trying to sell insurance—he was a very bad salesman—or tending the service bar at Pep-McGuire's. Finally, with the team hopelessly buried in the cellar in November of 1965, the Knicks hired him. They showed their enthusiasm by granting a contract for five months. He did fairly well with the weak club and was given another chance this season. Now he is doing even better, but he is under more pressure than ever.

"At the start of the season I said we would shoot for .500 ball," he says. "Everybody thought that would be a hell of an achievement. Now we're near that goal, but nobody's happy. They're saying we're gonna blow third place. Who ever thought we'd be ahead of Cincinnati to have even a chance to blow third place to them?"

"Don't let him tell you he hasn't done tremendous things for that club," says his brother Al. "In knowledge of the game Dick is the best I've ever seen. And even though he's no speakermaker he can express himself very well—and very simply. Take the other day. I asked him why the Knicks were having trouble holding onto leads late in the games. He paused a second and said, 'Indecision.'

That summed up the problem. With me, it would have taken two cocktails' worth of time before I could have explained that to you." The Knicks' improvement under Dick indicates that professional players respond to his kind of coaching.

For relaxation Dick turns to the playgrounds. "He always loved to play with kids," says his brother Al. "Even when he was a pro, the king of New York basketball, he would go down to the playground at Rockaway and play for a few hours. Not just once to get attention or anything. He did it often, because he loved it." Now Dick takes his two oldest boys to a Huntington playground whenever he gets a chance. "That's where you can really enjoy the game," he says.

People who watched Dick McGuire play basketball remember him well. The clever ball handling, the perfect passing, the ability to pick up a whole team and get it going. People who watched Al McGuire recall different things. Brash challenges to the great Bob Cousy and claims that Al knew how to stop Cousy. Fights with Bob Brannum, the Boston Celtics' hatchman of the time who was assigned to stop Al from stopping Cousy. Wild scrambles for the ball against bigger and stronger men, and fierce and hopeless arguments with referees. "Sure, I played hard—maybe too hard at times," says Al. "I'd do anything to win. It was the only way I could ever hold my own."

Al still looks back with some wonder at the three years in which he did hold his own among the pros. "I may have been the worst player ever to last that long in the NBA," he says. "I couldn't even make a layup. The crowd would cheer when I even hit the rim. Anyone else with my ability would have been gone in six weeks. But I stayed around, partly because I was lucky enough to be Dick's brother and partly because of all the talking and fighting I did."

Al likes to think that he talked or hustled some better player somewhere out of his rightful spot in the NBA, now he is a coach, and he figures he can do the same thing to some teams that, on form, should beat his Marquette club. He came

continued

a few words to the man who takes tomorrow for granted



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On a noncompetitive though sporting occasion John (left) and Dick flank bridegroom Al.

to Milwaukee three years ago, after seven years at tiny Belmont Abbey College in North Carolina—seven years of recruiting tall and tough New York City ballplayers and building a team far too good for Belmont's small-school rivals. He took a stab at the vacant Marquette job in 1964.

"From the minute I started coaching," he says, "I knew that one way or another I'd make it to the heavyweight division." But the first time he applied for that division, he considered himself "about a 100-to-1 shot." He didn't know, however, that some important people were backing him as if he were a heavy favorite. His former bosses, Joe Lapchick and Ned Irish of New York and Doggie Julian of Dartmouth (where Al had worked as an assistant), all wrote unsolicited letters to recommend him to Marquette officials. So did the late Walter Brown, then owner of the Celtics.

With such strength behind his application, Al got the job and took over the team that had fallen to a 5-21 record, worst in Marquette history, the year before. "You don't get miracles by teaching kids a lot today," he said. "The only coaching secrets left in the game are in

recruiting." Then he began trying his best to disprove that statement. With the undistinguished squad he inherited he used every trick he knew to win games. He experimented with the phase of the game he knew best and came up with what he still calls "our wild defenses." He installed a "scrambled eggs" team of subs to come off the bench and harass opposing stars, trying to intimidate better teams into losing. When other coaches complained about these tactics he calmly said, "I don't tell them how to play the game. They don't have to tell me, either." When the shouting was over Al's club had managed to win eight games, including a delicious 78-50 rout of his alma mater and the eventual NIT champion, St. John's.

Last year Marquette moved up to a 14-12 record, and this year, at 17-8, it was invited to the NIT. Al's first personal recruits are now sophomores, and the two who have become starters are typical of the kind of team he is building. One is George Thompson, a burly 6' 2" forward from Erasmus Hall High School in Brooklyn. He is a good jumper and strong driver, and he makes up for lack of height with the kind of elbows kids

develop on New York City playgrounds. The other is Jim Burke, a quick, tough six-foot guard from Queens, who is very close to being the ideal basketball player for an Al McGuire team. "When he loses he cries," says Al. "To me that's the first sign that he's definitely my kind of kid."

Al has shown a remarkable ability to make kids into "his kind." He seems to transmit his own all-out drive and mental sharpness to his team, and he insists on loyalty: "It has to be a personal thing. A kid has to be willing to give all he has for you. I won't get mad if the team plays well and gets beaten. But I don't hesitate to give them hell after a sloppy win." He looks for lean and hungry players—"kids that don't need big steaks, kids that can win on Pepsi and pizza"—and when he gets them he tries to mold them in his own slightly suicidal image. "There are two things you can do when a guy goes in for a layup," he says. "One, you let him go. Two, you try to stop him. And if you're going to stop him at all you better hit him hard. I never learned the first way, so I got pretty good at the second."

Al played with broken jaws and broken noses as a pro, and he clearly expects the same from his players. In return he treats them like men—men he happens to like and respect. "I coach on a man-to-man basis," he explains. "I don't set strict rules. I just tell them not to hurt the university or me. In return I'll protect them at all costs."

The cost almost got to be very high last January, after Marquette had lost in a two-point upset at the University of Detroit. Al was walking slowly off the court, not saying anything or paying special attention to anyone around him. "I still remember what I was thinking," he says. "I was wondering who we could upset to make up for that loss. Then all of a sudden I saw Pat on the ground." Reserve Center Pat Smith had been jostled by some happy Detroit fans and, in turn, had knocked someone down. Now Smith was being pinned against the bleachers by two guys in blue shirts. "They had no caps on, and I just thought they were ushers or something," says Al.

One man happened to be Patrolman James Tanderly of the Detroit Police De-

continued

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partment. But even if Al had known that, it is doubtful that he would have reacted any differently. His kid was down, and he almost instinctively moved to pull the man off him. The cop somehow caught a hand or elbow in his face during the skirmish and quickly blamed Al. For several days Al worried about the bad publicity and the charges, until the patrolman decided that nobody had hit him after all, and the affair was dropped. "If I had hit him," Al said, "don't worry, he wouldn't have had any doubts about it."

During the basketball season Al dominates the sports pages and television and radio shows in Milwaukee, partly because Milwaukee is not the liveliest of sports towns, but even more because he is wonderfully frank and stimulates controversy every time he opens his mouth. Before his big game with St. John's a few months ago he quipped on a pregame show: "I was hoping it would snow last night. That way maybe St. John's would have been flown to some other city and been forced to take a long bus trip. About 10 hours on a cramped bus could have made them very susceptible to my coaching genius." During a New York luncheon, he dropped the casual remark that "Lew Alcindor won't last the four years in college. He'll get tired of all the defensive guys ganging up on him and sign a big contract with a pro team."

But behind all the flamboyance and controversy—the side of Al that comes closest to resembling his brother John—there is also a solid-citizen, character-molding instinct in Al. Out of all the brawling and hustling and conning that go into big-time college basketball he expects to come up with some pretty good people. "The biggest thing in this game to me," he insists, "even more important than winning—and you know how I like to win—is to make sure that these kids aren't prostituted for the game. I demand that everyone I coach go on to get his degree. That's my proudest achievement in all my years of coaching—I've never had a letterman who failed to get his degree." It is, of course, a standard coaches' theme, and in many cases you wouldn't believe it. But Al

continued

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McGUIRE continues

McGuire makes it a point to say what he thinks, to avoid the standard themes and tired clichés. When he goes back to one like this you've got to believe he means it.

But behind the success of Dick and Al McGuire there lurks a secret force, a rare athletic and genius guiding them in their careers. Just ask John. "Dick and Al know that they can't make a mistake with me watching. I know all the moves. One slip and they know they'll hear about it. I know it all, and my brothers know that."

John has never stopped being a sportsman. "I'm quick and agile," he says. "I've never lost a sprint." His friend Weston recalls a night in a diner near Monmouth Park racetrack. "John was broke. He had only \$5. So he took off his shirt and yelled at a bunch of kids in the diner. 'Think you can beat an old man running?' The kids agreed to lay \$50 against his \$5. John went out onto the street in his underwear and won the sprint by five lengths. But we had let the kids hold the money. They just kept running, and we couldn't catch them because John wasn't as good over a distance of ground."

Another time John asked a kid in a Rockaway bar, "What do you do best? Shoot baskets? Box? Run?" The kid chose running. John won a sprint easily but tripped and broke his collarbone. He stood in the middle of the street, an off-duty cop and a victorious athlete—but badly hurt. The sweat was pouring off his face and his mouth was twisted in pain, but somehow he remembered to look at his watch and make a decision. Suddenly the pain was secondary, and he said he didn't want any doctors for four hours. "The wait was well worth it," he recalls. "I fell downstairs in the precinct that night and got 100 sick days to spend at the track."

"But I'm good at teamwork as well as individual effort," he adds. "Look at how Pep and I work together. I know all about politeness, and he knows all about administration. More important, neither of us gets too mad when the other gets to the money first." Teamwork is probably the main factor in the success of the bar. When the parti-

continues

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ners started—with “\$300 borrowed cash and two bad checks”—they found a solid method of facing bill payments. If a whiskey salesman named Cohen came in, John would scream that he was prejudiced against a poor Rockaway Irishman who was trying to make good. When a linen man named Brady tried to collect, Peppis, who is Jewish, would charge anti-Semitism.

Looking back on his career in and around sports, John can cite almost as many records as his brothers: the most days off in the police department, the biggest loan in the history of Rockaway finance companies. When he was going badly in Florida last winter, he received from Pep the largest money order in the history of the Hallandale, Fla. post office. But he is not looking to his laurels now. “I’ll get back in action soon,” he claims. “Just one big score and I’ll be going strong again.”

“John is impossible to understand,” says Al McGuire. “He works so hard at

handicapping and worrying about horses, and he’s got nothing to show for it. I work just as hard at coaching and speaking to people and public relations, but I get a lot out of it.”

But John gets a lot out of his work, too. “Pride when you win, tension when you lose,” he says. “It keeps you going.” It was keeping him going at Aqueduct on a day when an inspector on the police force asked Pep to take him to the races. The inspector and his wife sat at a table with Pep and John, and split \$2 show bets on each race. He didn’t know John, who was still a cop at the time, and John didn’t say who he was. But in the eighth race the inspector’s horse got up by a nose to beat John’s selection. “We’ve got him,” said the inspector’s wife. “We’ve got him to show, but he even won. Isn’t that great?” John stood up and glared at the woman, not in rage but in the abject frustration that even his politeness cannot always hide. Without a word he threw down 14 \$100 win

tickets on the horse that had run second. Then he turned and walked away.

“Who was that man?” asked the inspector.

“He’s with the police department,” said Pep.

“With that kind of money? He must be a full inspector.”

“No,” said Pep. “he’s a patrolman.” The inspector stood up and looked across the room in John’s direction. He opened his mouth, but he couldn’t say anything. Finally he motioned to his wife. “Cash that ticket, and let’s get out of here,” he said.

John McGuire smiled and waved to them as they left. Then he walked back to where Pep was. “They think you’re nuts,” Pep said. “They don’t believe you’re real.” John sat down, adjusting his gold tie to fit smoothly under his blue cashmere blazer. Both the pride and the tension were visible in his face. “They’re right, of course,” he said. “Now, who do you like in the ninth?”

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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

BASKETBALL—NBA PHILADELPHIA (64-32) shifted its second consecutive Eastern Division title by defeating the Celtics in Boston 115-113 on Bill Grier's 25-foot jump shot with two seconds left in overtime. The 7ers, who won two other games during the week, then lost a regular match with the Celtics at home when Peter C. "C" Rife (19-11) found a 35-foot basket with two seconds remaining. Runner-up **BOSTON** (57-19), whose nine-game winning streak was stopped by the 7ers, also lost to the Bulls but took an other two games. In the battle for third place, **CNN (NBA)** (31-42) moved a substantial game of NEW YORK (36-42) as the Royals won two of three and the Knicks dropped two. Worse yet for the injury-ridden Knicks was the loss of Doug Mottushev for the rest of the season (he suffered a heart attack). **BALTIMORE** (19-51) fell deeper into the cellar with three more defeats. In the Western Division **SAN FRANCISCO** (41-34) gained the title although the Warriors dropped both games they played. Center Paul Thompson, winning a spot on his broken hand, returned after missing 13 games but he couldn't stop the Warriors' slide (10 losses in 15 games). **ST. LOUIS** (16-41) won three of four and held second place by 119 points over LOS ANGELES (35-41), which took three of six. Doing a hand for a playoff spot, **CHICAGO** (16-41) built two of three games and won 10 of 10 to finish briefly one of the best during the week. **LAUREL** (30-44) lost the place by week's end with two victories in four games.

BOATING Gil GORGE M. MOHRETT of New York, sailing his 44-foot aluminum-keel Gasconne, beat the 50RC championship by half a point over William Smith in Puerto Rico.

BOWLING NELSON BURTON JR. 34 of St. Louis rolled a 239 in the finals of the PBA 27-000 dinner Buffalo Open for a 10-year victory over Jim Goodman, 26, of Hayward, Calif.

BOWLING Twenty-nine-year-old Californian JERRY QUARRY, better only once in 25 fights, gained a unanimous decision over Brown's veteran Heavyweight, Brian London, 32, in a 10-rounder in Los Angeles.

When five-ranked Lightweight ISMAEL LAGUNA of Panama was awarded a 12-round unanimous decision over second-ranked Frankie Nunez of Puerto Rico, whiskey bottles were thrown from the balcony of New York's Madison Square Garden by angry Nervosa fans. It was the sev-

ent time in 10 months that a riot followed a Nervosa fight at the Garden.

GYPSY JOE HARRIS scored a TKO in the fifth round of a scheduled 10-rounder over Johnny Knight in Philadelphia to earn his 17th straight victory.

QUILTING—WASHINGTON newly crowned Tom Hanks 12-1 in the finals of the U.S. national championships in Westchester, Mass. and with a 50th record, gained the title over Minnesota (9-2), while in the MacDonald's River Tugboat in Hull, Quebec, ONTARIO won nine straight games for its first Canadian championship since 1939.

SOFT—Two-time U.S. Open winner JULIUS BORRIS, 47, took the \$115,000 prize over Orlando 3-1, with a 72-hole total of 274, one stroke ahead of runner-up Arnold Palmer and Canada's George Knudson.

OVERSEAS HAWAII Ray Kangle's 7-year-old DOG KETLEY (9-25) beat Cleo Constant by 2½ lengths to win the \$80,000 International Classic in Miami (year 44).

HAWAIIAN RACING New Zealand-bred Peter CARLSON'S RAY (33-25), driven by Stanley Dwyer, gained a two-length victory over Lono Pines to win the Windsor (10) 1/2 Keweenaw mile and 2:08 in the 10th \$25,000 Professional Cup. Carlson's total purse over. The victory boosted the 31-year-old boy's total earnings to \$375,700.

HOCKEY—NHL CHICAGO (37-14-10), clinching its first league championship (year 36), won two and tied one for a 15-game lead in San Jose's race for the title. The 10th \$25,000 Professional Cup. Carlson's total purse over. The victory boosted the 31-year-old boy's total earnings to \$375,700.

HORSE RACING Hops, Horse Farm's 7-year-old Argentine-bred HARRISON (117-40), with Alvaro Pineda up, finished first in the \$125,000 San Juan Capistrano Handicap at Santa Anita, leaving Bump three lengths behind in second place and the favorite Pomeroy another half length back in third.

SHOOTING France's JEAN-CLAUDE KILLY won the men's World Cup as he swept all three events at the North American Alpine Championships at Kranz, N.H. (page 20).

SWIMMING Yale senior DON SCHOLLANDER won the 200-yard freestyle in 1:42.4 to cut 5 seconds off Roy Saari's 1968 NCAA record at the Eastern beachland championships in New Haven, Conn.

TRADE & FIELD Villanova's 20-year-old center, GARY PATRICK, 6'10", 245 lbs., is the NC AA champion in Detroit for a world indoor record and a 15-year victory over Kansas sophomore Jim Ryan, 6'10", the next day set a new mark on the mile with a 3:38.6 clocking (year 26). The team line went to USC, with 26 points, as Oklahoma placed second (17) and Kansas (14) third.

MUSKETEER NAMED As head coach of the Minnesota Vikings, HARRY (Bud) GRANT, 36, after 10 years as coach and general manager of the Washington Blue Bombers (123-66-1). Grant, who led the Bombers to five Canadian Football League championships, succeeded Norm Van Redden, who resigned a month ago.

TRADED Minnesota's scrambling Quarterback FRANK TARKENTON, 27, who had been with the Vikings since they joined the NFL in 1961, to New York for the Giants' 1967 first and second round choices. His special bonus paid for 1968 and a player option to be waived. An another major deal the New Orleans Saints obtained Baltimore's GARY CUMMINS, 25, considering the NFL's best No. 3 quarterback, and Grand Rapids' Alvin G. HILL, CURRY, 24, the Packers' five-year contract after two seasons, and the Saints' first 1967 draft pick.

REIGNED Player-Coach DAVE OBERST, 36, as coach of the Detroit Pistons, after nearly three seasons, to devote his full time to leading the team on the floor. Head Coach DONNIS BUCHHEIT, 26, replaces DeBussche as coach.

REIGNED MIE MANUELLO, 40, as head coach of the New York Yankees, after a record 8-10-21 to become coach at Worcester Tech. Massachusetts will be replaced by his assistant, Tom Beaman, 35.

REIGNED E. O. (Doc) HAYES, 49, after 20 years as head basketball coach at SMU, to become associate basketball coach, director of athletic programs and football manager. Other basketball coaching changes occurred at Connecticut, where FRED SHABEL, 35, resigned after four years and was succeeded by his assistant, Roy Carlson, of Portland, where AL NIGRATTI, 49, resigned to become full-time athletic director, and at Missouri, where NORMAN LARLEY, 32, resigned to become coach at Iowa to replace Bob Vanarat, who left three weeks ago.

CREDITS

4-5 lbs. 24-26 in. 17-18 in. 20-22 in. 23-25 in. 26-28 in. 29-31 in. 32-34 in. 35-37 in. 38-40 in. 41-43 in. 44-46 in. 47-49 in. 50-52 in. 53-55 in. 56-58 in. 59-61 in. 62-64 in. 65-67 in. 68-70 in. 71-73 in. 74-76 in. 77-79 in. 80-82 in. 83-85 in. 86-88 in. 89-91 in. 92-94 in. 95-97 in. 98-100 in. 101-103 in. 104-106 in. 107-109 in. 110-112 in. 113-115 in. 116-118 in. 119-121 in. 122-124 in. 125-127 in. 128-130 in. 131-133 in. 134-136 in. 137-139 in. 140-142 in. 143-145 in. 146-148 in. 149-151 in. 152-154 in. 155-157 in. 158-160 in. 161-163 in. 164-166 in. 167-169 in. 170-172 in. 173-175 in. 176-178 in. 179-181 in. 182-184 in. 185-187 in. 188-190 in. 191-193 in. 194-196 in. 197-199 in. 200-202 in. 203-205 in. 206-208 in. 209-211 in. 212-214 in. 215-217 in. 218-220 in. 221-223 in. 224-226 in. 227-229 in. 230-232 in. 233-235 in. 236-238 in. 239-241 in. 242-244 in. 245-247 in. 248-250 in. 251-253 in. 254-256 in. 257-259 in. 260-262 in. 263-265 in. 266-268 in. 269-271 in. 272-274 in. 275-277 in. 278-280 in. 281-283 in. 284-286 in. 287-289 in. 290-292 in. 293-295 in. 296-298 in. 299-301 in. 302-304 in. 305-307 in. 308-310 in. 311-313 in. 314-316 in. 317-319 in. 320-322 in. 323-325 in. 326-328 in. 329-331 in. 332-334 in. 335-337 in. 338-340 in. 341-343 in. 344-346 in. 347-349 in. 350-352 in. 353-355 in. 356-358 in. 359-361 in. 362-364 in. 365-367 in. 368-370 in. 371-373 in. 374-376 in. 377-379 in. 380-382 in. 383-385 in. 386-388 in. 389-391 in. 392-394 in. 395-397 in. 398-400 in. 401-403 in. 404-406 in. 407-409 in. 410-412 in. 413-415 in. 416-418 in. 419-421 in. 422-424 in. 425-427 in. 428-430 in. 431-433 in. 434-436 in. 437-439 in. 440-442 in. 443-445 in. 446-448 in. 449-451 in. 452-454 in. 455-457 in. 458-460 in. 461-463 in. 464-466 in. 467-469 in. 470-472 in. 473-475 in. 476-478 in. 479-481 in. 482-484 in. 485-487 in. 488-490 in. 491-493 in. 494-496 in. 497-499 in. 500-502 in. 503-505 in. 506-508 in. 509-511 in. 512-514 in. 515-517 in. 518-520 in. 521-523 in. 524-526 in. 527-529 in. 530-532 in. 533-535 in. 536-538 in. 539-541 in. 542-544 in. 545-547 in. 548-550 in. 551-553 in. 554-556 in. 557-559 in. 560-562 in. 563-565 in. 566-568 in. 569-571 in. 572-574 in. 575-577 in. 578-580 in. 581-583 in. 584-586 in. 587-589 in. 590-592 in. 593-595 in. 596-598 in. 599-601 in. 602-604 in. 605-607 in. 608-610 in. 611-613 in. 614-616 in. 617-619 in. 620-622 in. 623-625 in. 626-628 in. 629-631 in. 632-634 in. 635-637 in. 638-640 in. 641-643 in. 644-646 in. 647-649 in. 650-652 in. 653-655 in. 656-658 in. 659-661 in. 662-664 in. 665-667 in. 668-670 in. 671-673 in. 674-676 in. 677-679 in. 680-682 in. 683-685 in. 686-688 in. 689-691 in. 692-694 in. 695-697 in. 698-700 in. 701-703 in. 704-706 in. 707-709 in. 710-712 in. 713-715 in. 716-718 in. 719-721 in. 722-724 in. 725-727 in. 728-730 in. 731-733 in. 734-736 in. 737-739 in. 740-742 in. 743-745 in. 746-748 in. 749-751 in. 752-754 in. 755-757 in. 758-760 in. 761-763 in. 764-766 in. 767-769 in. 770-772 in. 773-775 in. 776-778 in. 779-781 in. 782-784 in. 785-787 in. 788-790 in. 791-793 in. 794-796 in. 797-799 in. 800-802 in. 803-805 in. 806-808 in. 809-811 in. 812-814 in. 815-817 in. 818-820 in. 821-823 in. 824-826 in. 827-829 in. 830-832 in. 833-835 in. 836-838 in. 839-841 in. 842-844 in. 845-847 in. 848-850 in. 851-853 in. 854-856 in. 857-859 in. 860-862 in. 863-865 in. 866-868 in. 869-871 in. 872-874 in. 875-877 in. 878-880 in. 881-883 in. 884-886 in. 887-889 in. 890-892 in. 893-895 in. 896-898 in. 899-901 in. 902-904 in. 905-907 in. 908-910 in. 911-913 in. 914-916 in. 917-919 in. 920-922 in. 923-925 in. 926-928 in. 929-931 in. 932-934 in. 935-937 in. 938-940 in. 941-943 in. 944-946 in. 947-949 in. 950-952 in. 953-955 in. 956-958 in. 959-961 in. 962-964 in. 965-967 in. 968-970 in. 971-973 in. 974-976 in. 977-979 in. 980-982 in. 983-985 in. 986-988 in. 989-991 in. 992-994 in. 995-997 in. 998-1000 in.

FACES IN THE CROWD



EDDIE SYLVAIN, 33, of Lac Beauport, Quebec, conspiring against 43 other drivers, guided his 12 dog team over a 20-mile course to victory on all three days of the World Championship Slid Dog Derby in Lacoma, N.H. to win \$1,000 and the Governor's Cup trophy.



BUDDY CAMPBELL, 23, a bicycle shop manager from Paramount, Calif., who was a 13-time Silver Skates winner and a 1964 Olympic team member, beat defending champion John Keen, also of Paramount, for the U.S. open indoor speed skating title in St. Louis.



JUDY KEEN, a junior at Northwestern University, set a women's collegiate mark in the 25-yard butterfly (13.1) and swim legs on the 200-yard freestyle and medley relay teams that broke pool records in leading her school to victory in the Oklahoma (Wichita) Invitational.



CLAY HODGES, a student at Cal State, won the national Golden Gloves heavyweight title in Milwaukee by a second-round knockout over Tom Gamble of Salt Lake City. Hodges was last year's runner-up and in 1965 lost a disputed decision to Jerry Quarry in the regional.



MERV CARROLL, 18, a Miami power-company clerk who wants to become a professional bowler, rolled a three-game set of 724 to break the American Junior Bowling Congress girls' record by six points. Merv scored eight consecutive strikes in two of her games.



CHARLIE YOUNG, 14, of Westland, Mich., after lifting weights for only six months, set state (125 pounds) and power lift (495) marks, plus two bench press records in the bench press (180) and dead lift (385) in the 125-pound class at an AAL meet in his home town.

Basketball's Week

by MERVIN HYMAN

THE NCAA

Seven teams were eliminated in the first round (page 28) but defending champion TEXAS WESTERN, playing in the Far West Regional this year, was still in contention. The Miners eased past Seattle 62-54 in Fort Collins, Colo. HOUSTON edged New Mexico State 59-58 in the Midwest while MARQUETTE beat West Virginia 68-57. ST. JOHN'S took Temple 57-53 and BOSTON COLLEGE survived an agonizing stall to defeat Connecticut 48-42 in the East. The surprises were in the Midwest, where OAKTON shocked Western Kentucky 69-67 and VIRGINIA TECH upset Toledo 82-76.

The winners all play this weekend in the NCAA Regionals in College Park, Md., Evanston, Ill., Lawrence, Kans. and Corvallis, Ore.

THE NIT

By wisely extending an invitation to the nation's No. 1 small-college team, Southern Illinois, and winning approval from the ACC and Big Eight for their conference runners-up to compete, New York's own tournament had an interesting look. Then the Salukis and underdog Rutgers made it through the opening round and the selection committee began to look positively brilliant.

A group of SOUTHERN ILLINOIS students, spiffy in blazers, rolled out a green carpet for their team before the game with St. Peter's and the Salukis took it from there. They ball-handled smartly, defended strongly and, although noted for their ball-control style, even whipped St. Peter's at its own running game. Sophomore Dick Garrett, a sharp jump shooter, and Little All-America Wali Frazier poured in 52 points between them and Southern rolled it up 103-58. "I've always been a conservative," explained Coach Jack Hartman, "but we were able to get the ball out, so we run."

For a while it looked as if MARSHALL was going to shoot Villanova right out of sight. Jim Davidson, George Stone and Lew D'Antonio, firing from long range, but over the Wildcats' usually effective 3-2 zone and the Thundering Herd had a 10-point lead at the half. Then Coach Jack Kraft made some adjustments in his defense. His players began to press and double-team, and Johnny Jones, a smooth sophomore shooter who scored 28 points, got Villanova into a 64-64 tie. But Marshall's 6'9" Bob Allen, who had

taken only one shot—and made it—killed off the Wildcats in overtime. Although he missed three free throws, Allen also scored three points, was fouled at the buzzer and calmly made both shots to win for Marshall 70-68. "It was like I was in a world all by myself," reflected Allen. "I said a prayer."

Memphis State thought it had a good chance against Providence with its deliberate game and a defense that was the second best in the nation. The Tigers, naturally, had heard all about Jimmy Walker and how he bewildered defenders with his deft ball handling, between-the-legs dribbles, twisting jumps and blind passes, but they had to see him to believe it. Coach Moe Iba put Alan Marreelles, his best defensive player, on Walker but Marreelles was helpless. Jimmy scored 37 points and Providence won 77-68.

NEW MEXICO came into New York with 11 pretty dancers and cheerleaders, a karate-type man-to-man defense and a superb rebounder in 6'9" Mel Daniels. All of this came in handy in a rough battle with Syracuse. Until he fouled out late in the game Daniels gave the Lobos the boards and the points—he scored 29—for a 62-58 lead with 1:46 to play. Then Ron Sanford, Daniels' sub, and Syracuse's Rick Dean got into a no-punch scuffle on a held ball and an unkind official surprisingly called a technical on Dean for "elbowing." Ron Nelson shot

the technical that gave New Mexico a five-point lead and the Orange never quite caught up. They lost 66-64.

What looked like a breeze for MARQUETTE suddenly turned into a fight for survival when Tulsa staged a late rally. Bob Wolf, an outside sharpshooter, had flipped in eight baskets to give Marquette an early 21-8 lead and Coach Al McGuire's swatching defenses kept Tulsa under control until the last 3½ minutes. Then Eldridge Webb and Bobby Smith got loose for 10 points. But it was too late. Marquette won 64-60.

Last Saturday was a lonely night for Utah State. BUTTER, in the NIT for the first time, had sold 6,000 tickets and its rosters virtually took over the Garden. They were rewarded with the best game of the tournament and a 78-76 victory. Coach Bill Foster had planned well. Shifting in and out of a man-to-man and a variety of zone defenses, Rutgers held its own off the boards against the bigger Utah State team and effectively shut off the Aggies' fast break. But mostly it was a scoring duel between Rutgers' Bobby Lloyd—with valuable assistance from backcourt sidekick Jim Valvano when Lloyd had a cold spell—and Utah State's Shaler Halmon. Halmon scored 31 points but Lloyd, the country's leading foul shooter, was even better. Shooting magnificently over his guard, Hal Hale, Bobby threw in 42 points and saved the night for Rutgers. He scored his team's last nine points in the final three minutes and his two free throws won the game. What did Foster think about his team? "It was the best game we've played, just great."

THE MIDWEST

Some people thought the Big Ten, a poor collection of teams this year, would never



ATTRACTING A CROWD, Rutgers' Bobby Lloyd paces momentarily before releasing a jump shot for two of his 42 points against Utah State in New York's Madison Square Garden.

get a champion. But the conference wound up with two—INDIANA and MICHIGAN STATE. The Hoosiers, who finished last in 1966, polished off Michigan 96-90 and Purdue 95-82 to tie Michigan State, which beat Minnesota 87-59 and Northwestern 79-66, for the title. Indiana gets to play in the NCAA by Big Ten rules but MSI's John Benington was still grateful. "This is my first championship in 11 years of coaching," he said happily.

Although KANSAS had just beaten Colorado 66-59 to win the Big Eight title, Kansas State's Tex Winter, normally a cautious soul, flatly predicted his team would take the Jayhawks. "You can quote me," he said. "Some people think I'm nuts anyway." What Winter had in mind was jamming up the Jayhawks with a zone defense. But K-State made only four of its first 21 shots and tricky Jo Jo White, who scored 19 points, led Kansas on a 17-0 tear in the first half. After that, it was easy. Kansas ran away, 74-56.

COLORADO, passed over by the NIT for Nebraska, was determined to prove the choice was premature. So when the Huskers unaccountably failed to employ their full-court press, Colorado sat placidly on a one-point lead for almost six minutes late in the game and went on to win 64-57 to tie Nebraska for second in the Big Eight. "What were your keys to victory?" one reporter asked Coach Son Walthers. "I'm not smart enough to recognize one when I see it," replied Walthers.

THE EAST

Niagara Coach Jim Maloney knew he had a problem when his team played Canisius in Buffalo's Memorial Auditorium. "I don't think we can handle Andy Anderson man to man," he said. So Maloney put his Eagles into a zone defense and Anderson had a picnic. He beat the zone for taps, jumpers, layups and drives, scored 15 points in the first six minutes, finished with 32 and Canisius won 79-74. Niagara fans, however, were waiting for next year. Calvin Murphy flipped in 55 points. His average is 48.8—as the freshman beat Canisius 94-91 in the preliminary game.

THE SOUTH

It was a struggle all the way for NORTH CAROLINA in the Atlantic Coast tournament in Greensboro. The Tar Heels barely beat last-place North Carolina State 56-53 and then WAKE FOREST, which had upset Clemson 63-61 in double overtime, led Carolina by four points at the half. But Larry Miller, who scored only two points in the first half, fired in 29 and North Carolina pulled through 89-79. DUKE, meanwhile, burned Virginia 99-78 but then had trouble with South Car-

olina. It took seven points by Bob Verga and Bob Remy in the last 1:08 to bail out the Blue Devils 69-66. Carolina finally got going against Duke in the final. A half-court man-to-man press shook up the Blue Devils and soon they were in foul trouble. Miller popped in 32 points and North Carolina won 82-73. That put the Tar Heels into the NCAA tournament and Duke into the NIT.

While VANDERBILT meandered past LSU 75-66, some 9,000 fans in the stands held their transistor radios tuned in to Starkville, Miss. They were listening to the TENNESSEE-MISSISSIPPI State game. They cheered when State carried Tennessee into triple overtime but Bill Justus dropped in two free throws with six seconds to go to win for the Vols 78-76 and gave them their first SEC championship in 24 years. The best Vandy could do was a second-place tie with Florida, a game behind Tennessee.

KENTUCKY's relief-to-rags saga ended on a mild note. The Wildcats, in the national championship finals a year ago, beat Alabama 110-78 to end a 13-13 season, the worst in Coach Adolph Rupp's 37 years at Kentucky. But help is on the way. The freshman Kittens were 18-2.

THE WEST

Just as everybody expected, UCLA ended the season unbeaten, unembarrassed and unmerciful toward its opponents. When USC persisted in a slowdown, the Bruins simply zone-pressed the Trojans to death and ran off 15 straight points in two minutes for a 29-11 lead. That finished USC. Lew Alcindor scored 26 points, playmaker Mike Warren had 19 and UCLA won its 26th game 83-55. "That zone press just took us up," lamented Coach Bob Boyd.

It was like Armageddon when Western AC co-champions WYOMING and Brigham Young got together in Salt Lake City in a playoff for the right to meet UCLA in the NCAA tournament. BYU's big Cougars, frustrated by the quicker Cowboys, whose little men—Harry Hall, Mike Eberle and Bob Wilson—stormed inside on patterns off a high post, were called for 35 fouls and five players were ejected. Wyoming took the bloodbath 70-63. "These kids even have me wondering just how good they really are," marveled Coach Bill Strannigan.

PACIFIC, the West Coast AC champion, had no trouble beating Santa Clara 83-71 but San Francisco gave the Tigers a hard time. Kim Kellenberg, a 6'5" sophomore who led last year's freshmen in fouls with an average of four per game, put the muscle to Keith Swagerty and held him to six points before getting thrown out late in the game for fighting with Pacific's Pat Foley. Pacific finally won 63-59 for its 21st straight.

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19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

TRIAL AND ERROR

Sirs:

Holy slush fund! My alma mater guilty? Certainly. She admitted it and begged for leniency as a first offender (*The Feshing Mist*, March 6). She ran afoul of certain hulker-than-thou Big Ten athletic directors who, having been slapped prettily for worse excesses, now seek revenge for slush dealt out not too wisely but too well. Yea, what of the enlightened 20th-century dream of rehabilitation? The Big Ten still wants to chop off hands for stealing a loaf of bread and ruin a man's career for \$21,000. The solution is not to lop off the heads of Elliott, Combes and Braun in vigilante execution. It is either to finally admit that college football is too big to treat as amateur sport, or to entirely condemn slush funds, the Alabama "Hilton" for football gorillas, etc., and return this great game to the players.

RONALD E. COHEN

Montclair, N.J.

Sirs:

I feel sorry for the University of Illinois students and staff because of the position they find themselves in. I fear that all this has provided an antiethic case by which to teach a lesson to other Big Ten schools and, perhaps, schools outside the Big Ten. As a result, the lesson they will learn could very well be, "don't keep records of irregular athletic funds."

KEN WILCH

Rockford, Ill.

CUSHIONED RIDE

Sirs:

While I, too, enjoy stock-car racing and appreciate the skills of Richard Petty and the entire Petty stable, I question the use of the word "athlete" in connection with a race-car driver, and especially the insinuation that an individual may be an athlete because of the "physical punishment" he takes during a race (*Champ with a Peel for the Kmartweek*, Feb. 27).

The words "athlete" and "sport" incorporate a wide variety of activities, but I hesitate to associate either automobile racing or the men who drive the cars with either term. The emphasis in automobile racing definitely lies with the car and its mechanical parts, not with the training or physiological functioning of the individual who operates it.

Certainly we must maintain the concept that an athlete is one who is trained to take part in an activity, the outcome of which will be determined by his own skills, fitness and preparation.

L. IRVIN WILLIAMS

Richmond

MOONSTRUCK

Sirs:

You really know how to hurt a guy, don't you? After reading Coles Phinney's article on Tom Johnston's Caribbean home, Moonhole (*Two Rebels with a Loveliest Cause*, Feb. 27), how can anyone ever be satisfied with four walls again? I thoroughly enjoyed your article, and I will forever be looking for my own Moonhole.

JAMES V. MOHR

Needles, Calif.

GREENE AND RHYTHM

Sirs:

Congratulations to Tom Brody on a great article about a great runner, Charlie Greene (*That Last E Is for Easy, Baby!*, March 6). When Easy, Excellem, Extraordinary Charlie captures the world marks for the 60- and 100-yard dashes I can just imagine how these yarded thumbs of his will appear ahead of the pack as he glides past.

DAVID LICHTENBERG

Hempstead, N.Y.

Sirs:

Your article on Charlie Greene was very interesting. However, one thing puzzles me. In one of your closing paragraphs it was pointed out that Tommie Smith "zoomed by" Greene on the anchor leg of a 440 relay. If Greene is so fast, how could this possibly have happened? I believe the answer is fairly obvious: Tommie Smith is faster than Charlie Greene with an E.

DAVID SWENLY

Berkeley, Calif.

NEXT QUESTION

Sirs:

Although Frank Deford's article (*In Search of Natchik's Game*, March 6) failed to answer the questions it proposed to answer, it did answer some of the questions I had about basketball. Among them:

1) Is there a Helpy Selly Laundrette in Richmond, Ky.?

2) Are pom-pom girls the same as cheerleaders, and does he really think the Kansas girls are more beautiful than California girls?

3) Should Negro players stage a sit-in on college-basketball benches? (Perhaps if Deford had spent less time ogling the pom-pom girls, he would have noticed Negroes on both the Kansas and Missouri benches.)

4) Is SPORTS ILLUSTRATED putting us on?

MIKE ANDERSON

Lawrence, Kans.

Sirs:

In between the Helpy Selly Laundrette and E. A. Duddle's lipstick marks, the fleet

Gingerbread Man and the Frankie Avalon cheerleaders was an interesting basketball story.

RICHARD BRUNNER

Berea, Ohio

THIS WEEK: JOPLIN

Sirs:

You stated in your last issue (*People*, March 13) that the Celebrities Art Exhibit was here at Newman's department store recently when, in fact, we are having it this week.

W. S. SCHWAN JR.

Joplin, Mo.

• The latest word is that the show runs March 14 through March 18.—ED.

ENTER MURHEAD

Sirs:

It was not my intention to appear derogatory to the late Architect Dick Wilson in the article you published on the new golf course architecture (*New Twists for an Old Art*, Feb. 20). In my opinion Mr. Wilson was not an innovator, but there has always been room for first-rate eclecticism and I always thought that, when he was at his best, his courses were magnificent. It is true, however, that he applied the same type of greens and traps to every site that he worked with.

Also, if I said I might be in a position to be patronizing in two or three years, I was not in complete command of what came out. Anyway, I withdraw the remark—nobody ever has a right to be patronizing.

Unfortunately, anyone can call himself a golf course architect and everyone is beginning to do so. The vast majority of the gentlemen masquerading under this title are unbelievably poorly equipped in both talent and training to undertake the work.

As far as reader R. W. Beatty's comment about Architect Robert Trent Jones (1914 Hot), March 6 is concerned, Mr. Jones does get wonderful sites to work with, and he does a careful job of course layout. However, the public still confuses him with the great golfer, Robert Tyre Jones, who is, as some of us are aware, an entirely different person. This hardly seems fair to me, even if it is not his fault. I mean Robert Trent Smith simply does not evoke the same aura.

DESMOND MURHEAD

Newport Beach, Calif.

Sirs:

It is nice to see an artist of the proven quality of Desmond Murhead enter a stagnant field like golf course architecture.

RAPHAEL S. SORIANO

Architect

Tiburon, Calif.

continued

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BEN HOGAN

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19TH HOLE *not used*

BOXING BALLOT

Self?

I disagree with Charlie W. Stovall's suggestion (19th Hour, Feb. 27) that the score be posted between rounds in a boxing match. I think that the present system is superior for two reasons.

First, time isn't wasted arguing in the middle of a bout because of a dispute between the boxer or his handlers and the judges over the score. Second, the boxer's concentration on beating his opponent is not broken. A boxer, under the present system, may think he is ahead, but rarely is he sure enough of his lead to stall and clinch in the last few rounds.

Who knows, if Notre Dame hadn't known the score toward the end of its football game against Michigan State, it might have gone for the win.

How Many

San Marino, Calif.

Survival

I suggest that, since the next Clay fight will be on television, we could just have one round of boxing and then let the network put the results through a computer and tell us who's going to win, just like they do during the elections.

R. V. McGRATH

Champagne, III.

SHORT LONG STORY

Sims:

It was with interest and amusement that I read the letter from Bill Long (19th Holl., Feb. 27). Being only 5' 1", Bill must certainly have to hustle to stay with his larger eighth-grade classmates. But I believe Bill and other "shorties" among your readers must find this equally interesting.

On Feb. 25 Texas Western students named their MVP for the 1966-67 basketball season. The player selected has been described by one coach as "one of the greatest outside shooters in the country," and a sportswriter has called him "the indispensable player." He bombs in set shots from 30 feet and jumpers from 30. On a fast break, he drives the lane and "drinks it."

Since he is a guard, he is principally a playmaker. At this he is without equal. He passes a basketball the way Sandy Koufax throws a baseball. When he feeds inside, his fakes are flawless, and the points mount up as the percentage shots are played. Yet, he is second (to David "Big Daddy" Lattin) in scoring and has the highest single-game score of any team member (34 points).

Everyone knows that to play for a national champion (NCAA 1966), you have to be a "big man," and "Wee" Willie Worsley is—though he views the hardboard circuit from a meekish height of only 5' 6½".

Benny D. Wells

Alamogordo, N. Mex.

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